

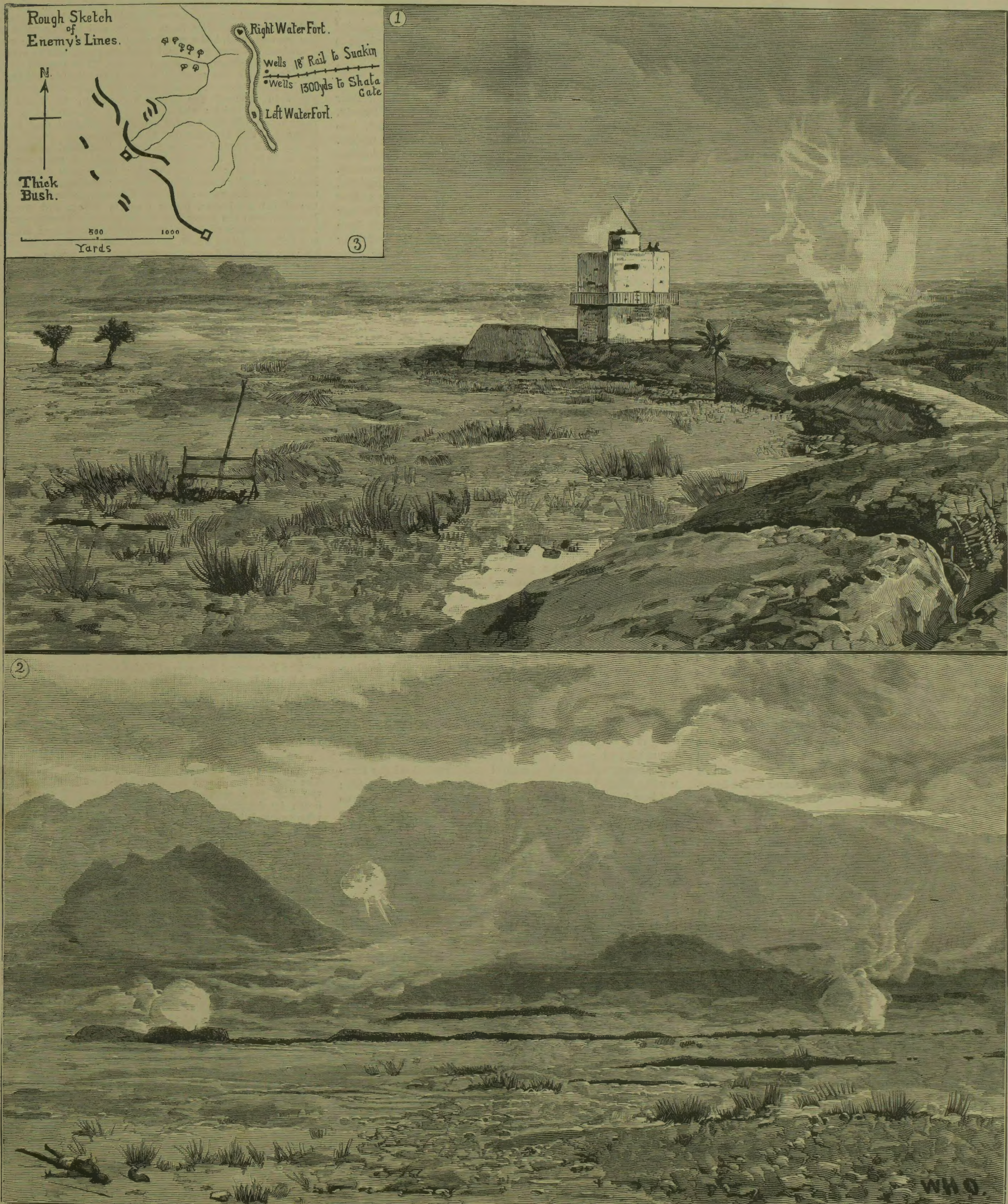
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



1. The Right Water Fort, from Left Water Fort.

2. The Enemy's Right, from Left Water Fort.

3. Plan of the Enemy's Lines.

SKETCHES AT SUAKIN, SHOWING THE ENEMY'S POSITION.
BY LIEUT.-COL. J. TALBOT COKE, KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The *Critic*, an American literary journal, has been seeking the opinions of the citizens of the Great Republic as to whether they have ever had a great national poet to be named "in the same breath," as the vulgar express it, with those of England. These latter are represented by thirteen—though why a baker's dozen should be chosen instead of the usual twelve, unless "for luck," it is hard to say. Chaucer and Spenser I conclude to be among them; they are standing dishes, or, rather, they resemble these miracles of the pastrycook's art which appear again and again at every supper-table, and, while universally admired, are never touched by anybody. From the standpoint of the higher criticism they are almost without a rival, for there are few poets so highly spoken of by posterity. Unfortunately, however, as appears from the present discussion, when people are really moved to declare who are their favourite authors, they have previously read them, which overthrows the whole edifice of "the Verdict of the Future." The rubbish, indeed, of which much of the theory of criticism is composed, is still more forcibly illustrated by the opinions of the living poets upon the dead ones. With whole generations lying between them, jealousy may surely be left out of the question, and, that aside, who can be so fit to give a decision upon the merits of a singer as a brother bard? If there is anything in criticism at all, one would think here it would be found if anywhere. Yet what *do* we find? We find Whittier (a true poet) rating Emerson—not as a philosopher or an essayist, but as a poet—above Keats! The only parallel to this that occurs to me took place at Cambridge in my undergraduate days. Somebody had invited a conjuror, not of a high class, to supper, and quite a large party to meet him! The viands were splendid; but when the guest of the evening was offered some dainty to begin with, he replied, "Thank you, I prefer broken glass!" and proceeded to eat his tumbler. This, of course, was affectation, of which a poet like Whittier must be held free; yet his statement is not less amazing than the other's. It is idle to investigate the cause of such an opinion; but the expression of it is noteworthy. It teaches us that all admiration of literature is, in fact, a question of taste; and that to seek to impose our opinion about it upon other people as a thing that must not be questioned or controverted, is not only an impertinence, but a great folly.

The recent arrest of a supposed forger has caused attacks to be made upon the governors of the Bank of England for issuing notes which are admittedly easy to forge when compared with those of other countries, especially with those of the United States, and even of Ireland. It is said that too much trust is reposed in the watermark. James Mathison, indeed, who was executed for forgery in 1779, not only produced such facsimiles of Bank of England notes that no human eye could discern the difference between the genuine and the counterfeit when placed side by side, but protested to the last, in the teeth of the paper-makers, that he put in the watermark after his notes were made. But, after all, in the long chronicle of crime, though forgery is common enough, that of forging our bank-notes is rarely found. The case of Charles Price, the man of disguises, is well known; but few are aware that before embarking upon that felonious career he tried bubble companies, and in the case of one of them—a brewery—let in no less a personage than Samuel Foote for £500. Price afterwards sought to engage him in a bakery, but received the following note, declining his kind offer: "As you have brewed so you may bake; but I'll be cursed if ever you bake as you have brewed." This is described as "an arch reply" of the humourist, though it is rather difficult to find the keystone of it. Far and away the strangest case of forgery was that committed at the close of the last century—by William Ryland. When very young, he was made engraver to George III, with a salary of £200 a year, to which the Queen added another hundred "on account of his extraordinary talents." He became a print-seller, and made an income of £2000 a year by it; but an accession of fortune, in the shape of a bequest of some shares in the Liverpool Waterworks, seems to have been his ruin. Hearing the stock highly spoken of, his cupidity was aroused, and in order to buy up the whole of it, he betook himself to forgery, for which, indeed, his talents were peculiarly suited. Even he, however, did not fly at such high game as the Bank of England; but contented himself with drawing bills on the Hon. East India Company. These, too (as in Mathison's case), could not be proved to be counterfeit, and his guilt was only brought home to him by the discovery that the instruments bore a date antecedent to that of the paper on which they were drawn.

There is a great cry against our civil servants on account of their short hours, which are stated to be from ten to four only. It is urged, by some who ought to know, that six hours of work properly spent are better than ten interrupted by conversation and the newspapers, and diversified with practical jokes; but, putting that argument aside, is it true that Government servants have such short hours? I can only say that, if they do, those whose acquaintance I have the privilege to enjoy are in the constant habit of deceiving their wives and families as to the time they leave their offices. Under the old system, and when "Queen's Hard Bargains" were more numerous than at present, the public work was, no doubt, shirked and scamped; but it is my belief that if anyone goes into the Civil Service now with the idea that it is a short and easy business, he will find himself mistaken. I know many a Government clerk who not only habitually remains to five and six at his office, but often much later, and yet I have never heard they are paid for overtime. I have even known some in the War Office—who have always their hands full—who bring their work home with them, like tailors; at least, they tell me so, and I had rather believe a gentleman's word than that of "Rumour with her hundred tongues."

The poor story-tellers are getting very severely knocked over the knuckles about their "scientific mistakes." Why should "poetic license" be so largely permitted to bards, and not even "local option" to prose writers? For example, a popular novelist is accused of placing the sun in the east at rather a late hour in the evening. Perhaps he saw it there, and but for the moderation of his nature would have mentioned that he saw more than one. If the mistake was made in this foggy weather, when there is really no knowing the sun from the moon, that any critic should dwell upon it, shows the malignity of his mind. Then, again, there is hypercriticism. One, "J. J.," complains in the papers that Mr. Haggard makes an eclipse of the moon take place at the new moon instead of at the "full," when the earth is between the sun and the moon. "J. J." may know all that, but very few other people do. If such a phenomenon took place in my presence it would not alarm me, as it doubtless would some superstitious people (astronomers), in the least.

It is very hard that the scientific folks who protest that they find no pleasure in reading novels, should be always finding out mistakes in them. For my part, I never mention the heavenly bodies in my humble productions, for I know the danger of it; yet even the most prudent story-tellers can hardly hope to escape the lash. I once put one of my most odious villains to death in a "culvert" with boiling water. It was a most original catastrophe, and I took it verbatim from a paragraph in a newspaper the reporters of which are proverbial for their accuracy. Yet if I had one letter, I suppose I had twenty, from professedly scientific persons about that culvert, into which they protested the water had been made to run up-hill. I never could see it, and I can't see it now; but I remember their contemptuous observations upon the supposed occurrence. One of them wrote, "Perhaps you are not aware, my good Sir, that water always finds its own level" (If the poor author does not soon find *his*, he must be vain indeed!). For my part, I hate such generalities. He might just as well have said, "You are surely aware, my good Sir, that the first thing to be done is to create a vacuum?" I did not answer him; though I might have taken the high ground that Paley takes with the infidel, and contended that it was more likely a prodigy should have happened than any error should have crept into a report in *The Times*.

An eminent vegetarian has been trying for a month an exclusive diet of "whole meal and water"; most of us would call it a half meal, and even the experimenter himself confesses there were times when he sighed after his usual "savory food," by which I conclude he meant, not "the flesh pots of Egypt," but the Portugal onion and the leek of Wales. The result, one is glad to hear, was satisfactory; for though the patient (as he may surely be called) lost some of his "breathing capacity," which his blameless career permits him to ascribe to "want of exercise in the Christmas week," his "grip" increased so that he could squeeze six pounds with his right hand, and five pounds with his left, more than before. He goes into unusual details—for one thing "he had no pimples"—but does not say whom he squeezed during the festive season, nor how she liked it. His food cost but two-pence a day, which, as he justly observes, "shows how little a person can live on at a pinch." This interesting record reminds one a little of the philosopher who gradually brought down his horse's allowance to a straw a day, but is, otherwise, surely original. What is, unfortunately, omitted in it is how he behaved to his friends and family during this regimen. "It is ill living with a fasting man," says the proverb; and if it may be permitted in the case of a vegetarian to draw a parallel from animal life, we all know what happens when feeding-time is "unavoidably postponed" at the Zoological Gardens.

Mr. Edison, it is said, has it in contemplation to issue a talking daily newspaper. He thinks it will be very convenient to breakfast-eaters and others pressed for time to have the condensed news of the day placed on the record-cylinder of a phonograph, which any child could read aloud (by turning the handle) to his adult relative. The idea is charming; but how is the cylinder to be supplied to suit the taste of the subscriber? Think of a Parnellite paterfamilias having to listen to a speech of Mr. Balfour's, or a Unionist to one of Mr. Dillon's, and not being able to stop it till, like a hurdy-gurdy, the instrument got to the end of its tune! Some people only like murders, or reviews of their own books; some prefer sporting intelligence, and some the victories of the Salvation Army. There must be especial editions for each class of reader, and great care will have to be taken not to leave Mr. Edison's *Morning News* at the wrong door.

It appears from the *Railway Press* that it is not only books that are now lent to passengers but playing cards. Guards of suburban trains keep packs in their vans, for the use of which a small weekly sum is paid by regular customers. The Pullman, I suppose, has "the pull," and gets them tolerably clean; then the ordinary first-class passengers, and, in due time, the second and third. Before they are done with I should think the technical phrase "That card was marked in your hand," must, in a different sense, have a pretty frequent application. "There is nothing new under the sun," says Solomon; but this practice is surely new, though the cards themselves may be second or even fourth hand. The topic reminds me of a graphic description of an old lady of very strict and Pharisaic character given by a nephew who had no expectations from her whatever: "She would just as soon think of leaving me anything," he said, "as of riding through the streets as Lady Godiva to redeem the tax on playing cards."

A correspondent kindly points out, with reference to Mr. Justice Hayes' lines in imitation of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," that the following verse has "dropped out" of his description of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet":—

Their wits no School Inspector e'er did test,
They never read a paper, never wrote;
No County Council e'er disturbed their rest,
They never gave, and never sold, a vote.

THE DEFENCE OF SUAKIN.

Since the complete defeat and rout of the Soudan Arab besiegers of Suakin, by the British and Egyptian troops under command of General Sir Francis Grenfell, on Dec. 20, the garrison and townspeople have not had to contend against further hostile annoyance. The plains behind and around the town, to the base of the neighbouring hills, are clear of any visible enemy; and no pursuit seems to be intended, but many persons with local knowledge, remembering the events of 1884 and 1885, consider that it would be wise to proceed to a military occupation of the country for twenty or thirty miles inland, establishing posts at Handoub, at Tokar, and perhaps also at Sinkat, and dislodging Osman Digna from his position in the hills. We are indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel J. Talbot Coke, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, now at Suakin, for a Sketch-map and two Views of the advanced "Water Forts," the Right and the Left Fort, connected by an earthen embankment, with a redoubt in the centre, situated about 1300 yards in front of the Shatar Gate; with the lines of the enemy's trenches in front of these fortifications, which were more precisely described in our last. The "Water Forts" are so called from the embankment on which they are built having been constructed to prevent the flow of water, in seasons of flood, pouring down from the ravine beyond and inundating that approach to the town. Each fort is a hexagonal tower or two-storey building of masonry, loop-holed for rifle-shooting from within, and having no door on the ground-level, but a wooden gallery with a ladder; each is armed with Krupp guns and machine-guns, and is strengthened by outer ramparts and trenches. The ground between the forts and the enemy's position is slightly broken, yet fairly open, and continues such for about three hundred yards in rear of the enemy's position, to where thick bush is met with; the enemy had constructed a strong redoubt on his right flank, which was a good deal knocked about by the 64-pounder and 40-pounder guns of the forts. This ground was the actual battlefield of the recent action, in which the British troops engaged were the Welsh Regiment, under Colonel Smyth; the King's Own Scottish Borderers, under Colonel Talbot Coke; the Mounted Infantry, under Colonel Barrow; the 20th Hussars, under Major Irwin; the Royal Engineers, under Captain Foley, and the Naval Brigade, from the *Racer* and *Starling*, under Commander May. The two brigades of Egyptian troops, under Colonel Kitchener and Colonel Hotted Smith, stormed the trenches with remarkable courage, and deserve an ample share of praise.

THE COURT.

The Queen and the Empress Frederick have taken drives every fine day since they went to Osborne, and have twice passed through Newport. The grounds at Osborne are so well laid out that a drive of eight miles can be taken in them without going outside the Royal gates. On Sunday morning, Dec. 30, the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the members of the Royal family attended Divine service; the members of the Royal household being present. The Rev. Canon Capel Cure, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. In the afternoon, the Queen drove out, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and Princess Beatrice. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby and the Rev. Canon Capel Cure had the honour of dining with their Majesties and the Royal family. The Empress Frederick walked in the grounds, on Dec. 31, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Sophie.

On New-Year's Day the Queen approved of the appointment of Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., Chairman of Committees, and Baron H. De Worms, M.P., to be members of the Privy Council; and conferred a baronetcy on Sir Frederick Bramwell, and knighthoods on Mr. John Turney, Mayor of Nottingham; Mr. Charles Wathen, Mayor of Bristol; and other gentlemen. Her Majesty also approved of numerous promotions in the various orders of distinction.

As President of the Royal Agricultural Society, her Majesty announces her intention to bestow a number of champion gold medals for the best exhibits in the various classes at the Jubilee Show to be held in Windsor Great Park next June.

The Queen's annual gifts to the poor of Windsor were distributed on New-Year's Day. There were about 900 recipients of the Royal bounty.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park at Sandringham, on Sunday morning, Dec. 30. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, officiated and preached.

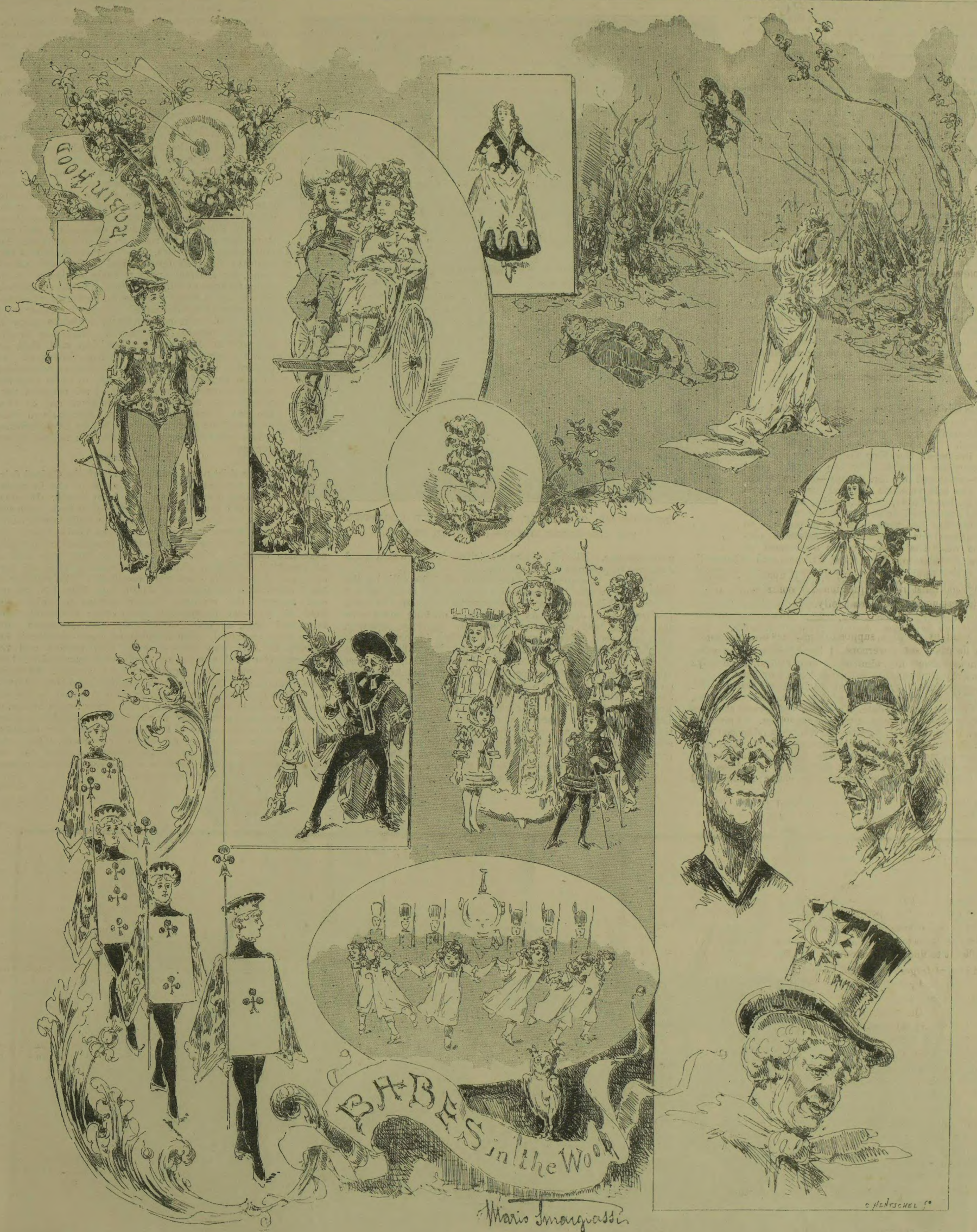
A YEAR'S LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

The work of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution during the past year resulted in the rescue of 617 persons from death by drowning on our coasts. The life-boats were also instrumental in either helping into safe waters or in saving from total destruction twenty-five vessels, and, in addition, they conveyed to shore open fishing-boats overtaken by gales. In addition to the launches resulting in the saving of life or property, the life-boats were sent out 159 times in reply to distress signals, or what were believed to be such, only to find that the signals had been improperly made or that the vessels were out of danger. Rewards were also granted by the institution in the year for rescuing 174 lives by means of shore-boats, fishing-boats, and other means, bringing up the total number of lives for the saving of which the society has granted rewards during 1888 to 791, and to 34,034 since the establishment of the institution in 1824. Every effort is being made by the committee to place on the coast boats possessing the best improvements, and help is much needed to complete this important work. A large number of the society's 293 boats has already been improved or replaced by others of the new type. Persons desiring to assist in this noble work may send their contributions to Mr. Charles Dibdin, the secretary of the institution, 14, John-street, Adelphi, London.

Mr. Sexton, M.P., has been for the second year installed as Lord Mayor of Dublin; and Mr. O'Keefe, M.P., as Mayor of Limerick for the third time.

Dr. Comerford was consecrated on Jan. 1 as Roman Catholic Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, in the Cathedral, Carlow. The Archbishop of Dublin was the consecrating Prelate, assisted by the Bishop of Waterford and Ferns.

Mr. Arthur Ernest Wynn has, after close application, perfected a miniature pocket type-writer, by which, with a little assiduous practice, persons can print their letters more easily than they can write them, and having (what too many letters lack) the charm of perfect legibility to the receiver. This simple, compact article weighs a little over four ounces, and may be obtained, packed in a neat strong box, with a bottle of ink, of the Miniature Pocket Type-Writer Company, at Swan Arcade, Bradford.



SKETCHES AT THE DRURY-LANE PANTOMIME.

The manifold beauties of Mr. Augustus Harris's signally brilliant pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," have already been referred to in our review of the chief spectacular productions of the holiday season. Nothing more attractive has been witnessed on any stage than the glowing pictures of the forest glades alive with Robin Hood's merry men, or the wonderfully varied and amusing Toy Ballet, followed by the supremely beautiful, tasteful, and alluring Procession and Ballet of Birds, a veritable triumph of the designer's and costumier's arts, and a bright memento of the rare skill of M. Wilhelm and of Madame Auguste. This crowning display of feathered troops of shapely coryphées, a rainbow feast of radiant colour, can be seen again and again with unceasing pleasure. Some spectators, on the other hand, seem to prefer the vivacious scene in Toyland, a few of the gamesome processionists in which are sketched in our Illustration. In the centre we note the resplendent queen, martial knight, castle, and dainty pawns of the Chess representatives, who appropriately figure in a paper which has for so many years published a "Chess" column. Below are a cluster of toy-soldiers and real live nursery dolls, who set every mother in the theatre laughing with admiration.

of Madame Katti Lanner's talent for training such little folks. The comely procession of cards delights each whistplayer; and the automatic dancers "bring down the house." Indeed, the diversity of games and toys introduced by Mr. Harris is something wonderful. Behold also Miss Harriet Vernon as the well-moulded Robin Hood; Miss Florence Desart above as the contralto Maid Marian; the inimitable Brothers Griffiths as the pair of wicked hirelings; Mr. Charles Lauri, jun., as the most agile performing poodle ever seen; the flying Ænea watching over the safety of "the Babes" (Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell), who provoke much mirth in their humorous *pas de deux* and in their perambulator scene. This leads up to a moving forest panorama of wondrous beauty, the ingenious work of Herr Kautsky; and the magnificent opening is capped by an excellent Transformation, "Hail, Smiling Morn," painted by Mr. Emden. It is to the lustrous and novel "Paradise of Birds," however, that one's thoughts revert with greatest pleasure. Marching in to the ravishing music of Mr. Walter Slaughter's large orchestra, the variegated companies of richly beplumed ladies of the ballet gratify without dazzling the vision, perfect harmony of colour being always observed in the

marshalling of the sober-hued and gorgeous birds. The soft grey of the doves, black and white of the ostriches, scarlet and green of the parrots, gleaming breasts of the golden pheasants, lustrous sheen of the Lyre Birds and Birds of Paradise, with ethereal Mdlle. Anea as the charming robin hovering over all, should suggest many a bright new robe to fashionable modistes for the Fancy-Dress Balls in vogue. This glorious Bird Ballet should make the fortune of Mr. Harris's superb pantomime. It should be added that Mr. Victor Stevens and Mr. Dan Leno, as the Baron and Baroness, contribute greatly to the fun of "The Babes in the Wood"; and that Mr. Harry Payne proves himself still the best of Clowns in the Harlequinade.

Lord Clarina has been elected a representative Peer of Ireland in the room of the late Earl of Lucan.

The parish church of Rawtenstall, Lancashire, has been furnished with a large clock which has four dials, 7ft. 6 in. each, chimes the Cambridge quarters and strikes the hours upon the large tenor bell. The designs of Lord Grimthorpe have been carried out by the makers, John Smith and Sons, Midland Clock Works, Derby.

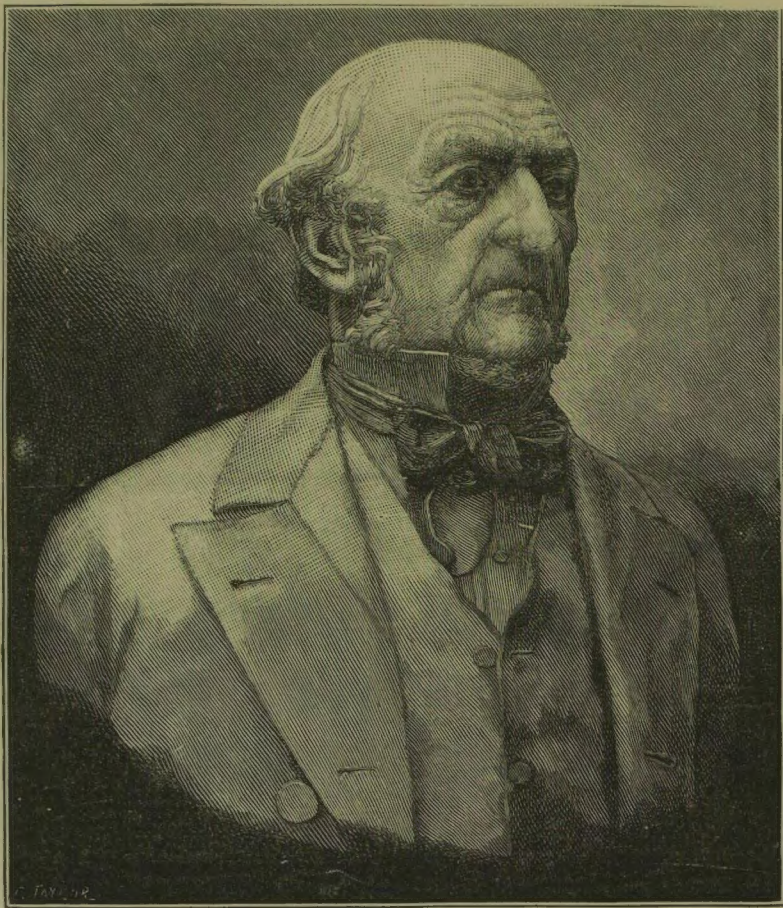
BUST OF MR. GLADSTONE.

The celebration, on Saturday, Dec. 29, of the seventy-ninth birthday of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, was in some degree modified by his absence from England; but he received on that day at Posillipo, a suburb of Naples, where he sojourned with Mrs. Gladstone, in a softer climate than ours in winter, many letters, telegrams, and messages of hearty congratulation. At Hawarden, his home in Cheshire, the church bells rang a merry peal; and two of his sons, Mr. W. H. Gladstone and the Rev. Stephen Gladstone—Mr. Herbert Gladstone being away on a Christmas visit—received numerous communications to the same effect from various persons and associations in different parts of the United Kingdom; also from the National Indian Congress at Bombay. In London, meetings, dinners, tea-parties, lectures, concerts, and other entertainments in honour of the occasion, were arranged by the Holborn Liberal Club, the Clapham and Peckham Liberal Clubs, and the London branches of the Irish National League. At Liverpool, the birthplace of Mr. Gladstone, in 1809, there was a luncheon at the Reform Club. We cannot doubt that, upon this occasion, it will gratify a large number of our readers to be presented with an illustration of the most recent likeness of Mr. Gladstone that has been produced, and considered by his family the best yet produced in sculpture. It is the work of Mr. Albert Toft, of the Trafalgar Studios, Manresa-road, Chelsea, to whom Mr. Gladstone lately gave special sittings at Hawarden Castle.

MUSIC.

But little can be said as yet as to the musical prospects of the New Year, some of the arrangements for forthcoming performances being as yet undetermined. The earliest event of 1889 was, as already intimated, the New Year's night performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Choral Society—conducted by Mr. Barnby—at the Albert Hall. The solo vocalists engaged were Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. W. Mills, the first-named artist having been announced to sing for the last time in England previous to her departure for America. A Christmas performance of "The Messiah" was announced at Olympia (Kensington), Miss Anna Williams and other well-known artists having been the solo vocalists engaged. Reverting to the rendering of "The Messiah," under the direction of Mr. W. Carter (at the Royal Albert Hall), we may now observe that the occasion brought forward a very young lady, Miss Josephine Simon, announced as a prima donna from California. The juvenile vocalist made a decidedly favourable impression by the display of musical intelligence, and a voice of very agreeable quality, that will prove still more effective with the greater power that will be developed by time.

The concert given by the Royal Academy of Music at St. James's Hall, towards the close of last year, deserves notice, although somewhat after date. The talents of several students were displayed to advantage in various capacities. As pianists, Misses A. Brown and R. Meyer; as violinists, Miss S. Cocks and Mr. G. H. Wilby, and as violoncellist, Mr. C. Hann displayed special merit. Miss E. Barnard made a highly favourable impression by her dramatic delivery of Mendelssohn's scena, "Infelice"; and there were other commendable vocal



BUST OF MR. GLADSTONE, BY ALBERT TOFT, SCULPTOR,
THE MOST RECENT LIKENESS (BIRTHDAY, DEC. 29).

performances. Miss E. Boyce's spirited March was a good specimen of progress in composition.

An early prominent musical event of 1889 will be the resumption of the twenty-third season of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall, with an afternoon performance on Jan. 5. As yet there is nothing more to be said in the way of musical comment. Activity, however, will very soon revive; among the earliest important signs thereof being the continuation of the thirty-first season of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, the first Monday evening performance of the New Year taking place on Jan. 7; the Saturday afternoon concerts being resumed on Jan. 12. The second of the two extra Patti concerts at the Royal Albert Hall will be given on Jan. 8; Mr. Henschel's London Symphony concerts at St. James's Hall will be continued on Jan. 15; and other interesting musical events will soon crop up. A somewhat long interval elapses before the resumption of the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace. These were suspended after the tenth concert of the series, which will be continued on Feb. 9, the interval being

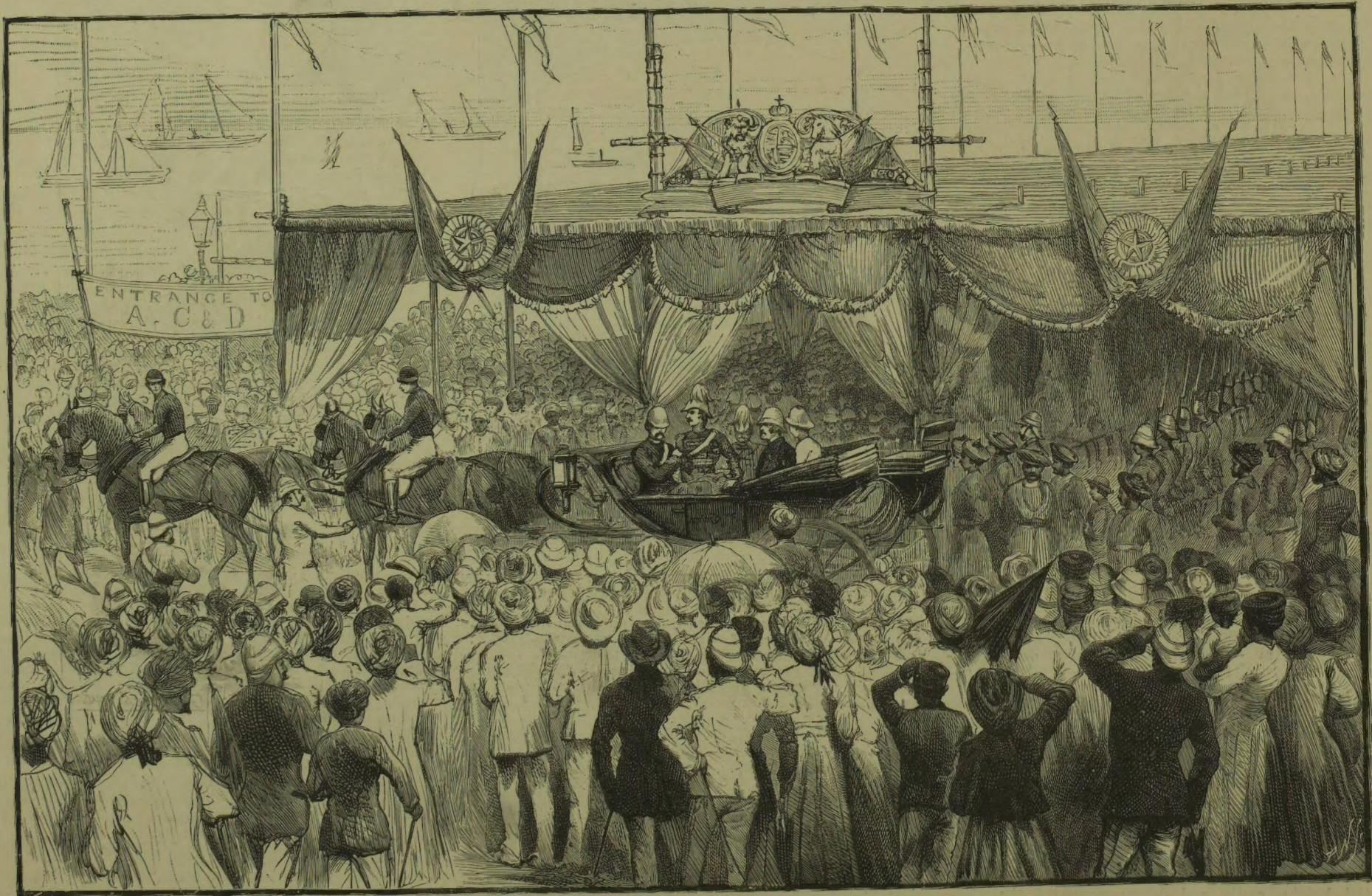
occupied by the prevailing attractions of pantomime and other entertainments.

The competition for the "Hine Gift" was decided recently at the Royal Academy of Music, and was awarded to Ethel Barns. Subsequently, the competition for the "Westmoreland Scholarship" took place; it was awarded to Marie Hooton. There were ten candidates. The "Potter Exhibition" was also competed for, and adjudged to Amy E. Horrocks. There were twenty-eight candidates.

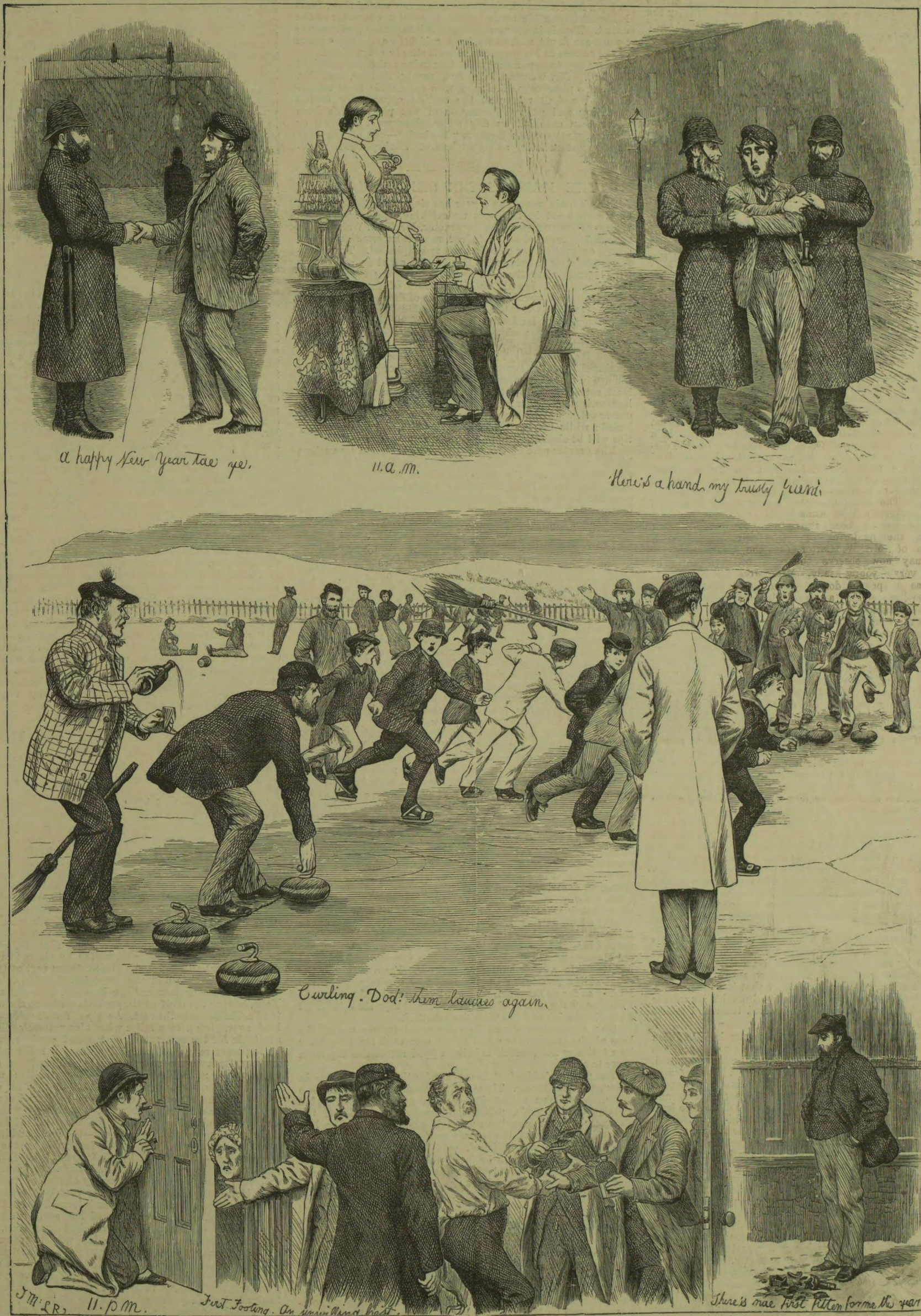
THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

The Right Hon. the Marquis of Lansdowne, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, with the Marchioness of Lansdowne, arrived at Bombay on Dec. 3, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Sutlej*. Their Excellencies landed at the Apollo Bunder wharf; and our illustration, from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, shows that the new Viceroy was received on landing with the usual ceremony. In reply to an address from the municipal authorities, the Marquis alluded to the contrast between Canada and India, the former being, for the most part, recently settled, while in India an ancient and historical civilisation existed. He had left a country where self-governing institutions were fully developed for one where they were being tried with cautious and tentative steps in regard to purely local affairs. Referring to the defences of Bombay, his Lordship said that he entirely recognised that the first duties of the Government were to render the Queen's possessions in this part of the world so secure as to give the utmost scope for the progress of all peaceful pursuits. After remaining at Bombay a day or two, the new Viceroy proceeded to Calcutta, and took charge of the government vacated by Lord Dufferin, whose departure from India has been noticed in our Journal.

The thirty-first annual report of the Oxford delegacy appointed under the Statute of the Delegates of Local Examinations has been issued. It states that the examinations were held in both June and July, at sixty-five centres, of which twenty-three were special local centres, where school examinations were combined with the local examinations, and nine were new centres. The examinations in June were held at nine centres, at three of which both boys and girls, at one boys only, and at five girls only, were examined. The number of local candidates examined in June was 264, 188 juniors and seventy-six seniors. Examinations in July were held at fifty-six centres, at thirty-four of which both boys and girls, at fifteen boys only, and at seven girls only, were examined. The number of local candidates examined in July was 2640—namely, 1901 juniors and 739 seniors. The total number of candidates examined in 1888 was 2904—namely, 2089 juniors and 815 seniors. Of these 1406 juniors and 587 seniors passed, making a total of 1993. In addition to these, five persons who intended to become medical students were admitted to the junior examination, of whom one passed; and four persons who intended to present themselves for the degree of Bachelor of Music were admitted to the senior exhibition, of whom one passed. The total number of candidates and other persons entered for the examinations was 2930, of whom sixty-seven failed to present themselves and one was disqualified.



RECEPTION OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA AND LADY LANSDOWNE AT THE APOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY.



THE NEW YEAR IN SCOTLAND.

The Scottish popular customs with regard to the celebration of New-Year's Eve and New-Year's Day are somewhat distinctive, perhaps by way of compensation for the want of ecclesiastical sanction to the festival of Christmas, and perhaps also from the influence of French example in the time of the Regency of Queen Mary of Guise, which left some traces in Scotland that were not entirely rubbed out by Presbyterian Puritanism. "Hogmanay," the New-Year's Eve visitation and salutation of friends at their own houses—often with a bite of cake and sup of whisky—described by one of our contributors last week, is supposed to derive its name from the French; but the custom of "first-footing" is doubtless of Scandinavian origin. We all wish each other

"A Happy New Year." The Scotch habit is to express this friendly wish overnight, as promptly as possible, immediately after the midnight stroke of twelve o'clock, when the Englishman who is sojourning at Edinburgh or Glasgow will be surprised at the lively scenes. In private drawing-rooms, no doubt, the ceremonious performance of the New-Year's Eve visit is conducted with polite gravity; but the ruder customer, after going a prolonged round of midnight calls, and partaking too often the "wee drappie" of Highland mountain dew, may either fraternise with the next policeman, in a safe and inoffensive manner, or be taken in charge of two constables, who will keep him safe till he can walk home. The perambulating company is apt to

gather fresh recruits, and to present itself in excessive number at later visits, where it may possibly encounter an unwilling host and a decidedly forbidding hostess. In contrast with so much nocturnal conviviality, a disconsolate stranger in the town may sadly reflect that he is far from all his acquaintances; while one who has accidentally dropped his bottle, looking down on its shivered fragments, may be heard to lament the destruction of so acceptable a passport, ejaculating "There's nae first fitten for me this year!" The morning of New Year's Day, if there be a hard frost and good firm ice on the loch, calls forth young and old manhood to the noble sport of "curling," which is also represented in our Artist's seasonable Sketches.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are once more the talk of all London. It is impossible to enter a club, or sit down to a dinner-table, or take a seat in a train, without facing the inevitable discussion as to the true Macbeth and the new Lady Macbeth. The exact point where personal bravery ends and moral cowardice begins; the possibility of a soldier who could lead men to victory being terror-stricken at the thought of murder, whether fantastical or material; the conflict between tradition and novelty; the battle between the old school and the new; the doubt whether the charming Ellen Terry could ever so get outside herself as to look like a wicked woman, or be accessory to the fact of a cruel and heartless murder; the routing up of old authorities from the days of Mrs. Siddons until now; the secondhand repetition of the opinions of Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt—these are the things that were forced on the attention during the closing hours of the old year, to the exclusion of politics, social scandal, or the latest low-life atrocity. Thirteen years ago at the Lyceum, when under the management of Mrs. Bateman, Mr. Irving startled the playgoing world with a new Macbeth. He desired to put before us the inner workings of the man's mind, to exhibit his conscience, and to place before us clearly and distinctly, as in a mirror, the doubts, the hesitations, the fears, the anxieties of a brave man, who, influenced by the supernatural and fired with ambition, commits an awful crime, wades through a sea of blood, and is at last marked down by Fate, and dies an object of disgust and detestation. The view that Mr. Irving adopted of Macbeth's character in 1875 is materially supported by the elaborate, convincing, and beautiful character of the scenic and allegorical arrangements in the new revival. Unless the play can be made serious, unless all idea of pantomimic display can be banished, the actor's aim is threatened with disaster. Hitherto, in modern times, the play of "Macbeth," as represented on the stage, has raised the ridicule of the irreverent. The witches with their cauldron and incantations, the dance round about the seething pot, the appearance of Hecate, the apparitions of crowned soldiers and babies, the procession of kings, the introduction of Locke's music, and with it a semi-opera in a serious play, have all contributed to the distrust with which the most serious spectator has received the tragedy of "Macbeth." It has been Mr. Irving's desire and design to alter all this, to make that which was inclined to be ridiculous imposing, and to present before our eyes a succession of pictures as beautiful and alluring as modern scenic art can make them. Doré himself might have designed the supernatural portion of the play, and any Royal Academician might be proud to have painted such Shakespearean pictures. The witches, as they are popularly called, are represented by three actresses skilled in the art of elocution. The dresses have been designed by Mr. Cattermole and Mrs. Comyns-Carr; and the musical genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan has been employed to add fancy and charm to the allegorical tableaux. The conclusion of one act, when the spirits fly in the air and people the wind at the approach of day, is as impressive a picture as the Brocken scene in "Faust," and is literally a triumph of scenic effect. Aided by all this, the mind of the audience having been directed to a serious groove, Mr. Irving is naturally able to present, in a fitter frame than before, the conscience-haunted and imaginative Macbeth. It is quite unfair to state that Mr. Irving represents Macbeth as a coward. He does nothing of the kind. But he does show him as a man who, prompted by the Devil to commit a particularly barbarous murder, hesitates to dye his hands in his guest's blood at the last moment; shows repugnance at a deed that he probably himself suggested; but, having soiled his soul, wades knee-deep in further crime, whilst his partner stands aside lonely and disconsolate, until fate overtakes him, and, his wife dead, his ambitious schemes stultified, he dies a miserable death at the hands of his arch enemy. A more interesting view of the character of Macbeth has never been presented, and we hold Mr. Irving to be perfectly right when he assumes that before Macbeth went out to battle, long before he ever met the "weird sisters" on the lonely heath, long before his advancement and worldly prosperity had been prophesied, he had discussed and talked over with the wife who loved him well and gloried in his advancement the chance that might one day put King Duncan in their power, and secure the succession of the crown to his own brow. Nearly every sentence in the text in the first scene with the weird sisters, nearly every line in the subsequent dialogue between Macbeth and his wife, justifies the assumption that Duncan's murder, if not proposed in so many words by one or the other, had been thought over by both. Shakespeare does not tell us in so many words who suggested the crime, but he clearly hints that it had been discussed and foreshadowed long before fate brought Duncan to Inverness, long before Macbeth encountered the weird sisters on the lonely Scottish heath.

Mr. Irving has at last been able to secure in Miss Ellen Terry an actress who can give an entirely new reading of the character of Lady Macbeth, and one which, when examined, has a great deal of plausibility in it. In 1875, Miss Bateman adopted the conventional reading of the character as handed down to us by tradition. She was not able to overpower and crush her Macbeth, as Mrs. Siddons and others did before her; but she made her the fiend that the stage has hitherto insisted on. Not so Miss Ellen Terry. She leans to the loving, tender, and feminine side of the character. Lady Macbeth loves her husband so passionately that she will do anything to secure his prosperity and advance his claims, even to dyeing her hands in her guest's blood, even to encompassing the death of a peculiarly gentle and inoffensive old man. But Lady Macbeth does not reflect. She only sees the present, not the future. Macbeth can gaze ahead and see the consequences of crime mirrored before him; his wife lives only in the present moment. Once the murder of Duncan is accomplished, it is Macbeth who presses on; it is his guilty partner who holds back. One murder with him leads to many, every obstacle must be cleared from his path; but her tender nature breaks down; her participation in the crime is punished by utter loneliness, by the forfeiture of her husband's love, and she dies, maddened with remorse, of a broken heart. In appearance, Miss Ellen Terry is a superb Lady Macbeth; she has never before appeared in so queenly a guise. But the actress asserts her nature on her audience so powerfully that we cannot believe she could ever have nerved herself to actual bloodshed even for love of husband. Such a woman would have stopped short of murder. All that is wanted is more strength and power in the scene anticipating and in the scene accomplishing the death of Duncan. Miss Ellen Terry's view of Lady Macbeth is consonant with the greater part of the text; the banquet scene has never before in our memory been so beautifully or poetically rendered by any Lady Macbeth, but the appeal of the woman to the spirits of darkness to unsex her and fill her full of direst cruelty requires more venom than Miss Terry can apply to it at present. Granted that Lady Macbeth would assist her husband even in a barbarous murder, still, for that one moment of madness, we require a different sort of woman. If the text does not require a fiend to animate

the play, it requires a Lady Macbeth who can be momentarily fiendish when she perceives that her vacillating husband is shifting from his purpose. We should not be at all surprised to see a far different Lady Macbeth in a few weeks' time, for it is almost impossible to do justice to such a character at the outset. That it is a very striking and interesting performance no one can doubt, and, as we have said before, the appearance of the actress in her gorgeous robes is simply magnificent.

Contrary to expectation, Mr. Alexander makes an excellent Macduff. Mr. Wenman is a fine, manly Banquo, and Mr. Webster a picturesque Malcolm, who speaks his lines admirably. We shall return at the earliest opportunity to the mounting and general decoration of the play, which have never been exceeded on any stage. Everyone, in town or country, must see the Lyceum "Macbeth"—one of the very finest, most artistic, and complete of Shakespearean reproductions.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

Although little more than a year has elapsed since the cutting of the first sod in this vast undertaking, the work is now, thanks to the energy of the contractor, Mr. T. A. Walker, in a remarkably forward state; indeed, more than one-third of the actual excavation has already been accomplished. The transformation wrought along the line of the canal in so short a time is truly marvellous. The meadows along the banks of the Mersey and Irwell, on the borders of Lancashire and Cheshire, now resound with the shrieks of dozens of busy little locomotives and the rattle of innumerable pumps and steam excavators. The landscape has suffered rather badly: not only has every tree along the canal been felled, but entire woods, such as those at Moore and Eastham, have been wiped off the face of the earth; while the green meadows have been covered by enormous and hideous spoil-banks, which meet the eye in every direction. The end, however, in this case, at least, certainly justifies the means. A few years more, and the locomotives and other machines will, doubtless, be at work on one or other of the many other ship canals now being projected; while the earth will hide its scars, and the unsightly tips will be clothed with a green mantle of herbage.

The greater part of the excavation is performed by various kinds of machines, of which the German digger is, perhaps, the simplest in its action, and, in suitable soil, the most effective. It is in reality a land-dredger, and will excavate loose sand or soft earth at the rate of about 2000 tons per day, but in hard or stony ground it is helpless. The American digger, on the contrary, will cut through the hardest soil, and even soft sandstone, with the greatest ease; nay, it will even tackle the hard sandstone rock, after this has been "shaken up" with dynamite or blasting-powder. There is something apparently diabolical in its method of working. With every movement of its huge spade it rips up a ton and a half of earth; and no one who has watched its work will deny that its nickname, "Yankee Devil," if not euphonious, is at least appropriate. Though of American parentage, this digger is made at Lincoln. Its daily task amounts to some 1200 tons. Besides these two machines, there are two other forms of powerful excavators, and many of other patterns working on the canal. The total number of machines employed is over eighty, while more than a hundred locomotives are required to dispose of the spoil. Some idea of the undertaking may be formed from the fact that Mr. Walker has found it necessary to lay upwards of two hundred miles of temporary railway.

After leaving the Manchester, or No. 3, Dock, the canal immediately passes the great No. 1, or Salford, Dock, where already the concrete quay-walls are being built. From this point to Thelwall the canal follows pretty closely the course of the twin-river Mersey and Irwell, touching little of importance save the Bridgewater Viaduct at Barton, to which we have already referred, and two railways—namely, the Cheshire Lines Railway at Irlam, and the Midland line at Partington. These two railways, as also the other three which are cut by the canal, will be diverted and considerably elevated, crossing the canal by high level bridges, so as to leave a clear headway of 75 ft. At Thelwall the canal leaves the course of the Mersey and cuts straight across country to Runcorn, demolishing many private houses, and the Latchford railway station, on its way. It just touches the river below Warrington, at the site of the Warrington Docks, which will be formed along the old river course. At Runcorn the canal again joins the Mersey. For the greater part of this distance the ship canal runs along the line of the old Mersey and Irwell Canal, which has already been blocked for traffic in a very summary manner. From Runcorn the canal skirts round the Cheshire side of the estuary of the Mersey as far as Eastham, where it finally enters the river. It thus crosses the mouth of the Weaver, and taps the salt traffic from Northwich and the Cheshire salt field.

Our illustration shows how the canal crosses one of the bays of the estuary, the canal being separated from the river by a training wall, which is being tipped across the bay from shore to shore.

The "Track-bridge" at Lymm carries the contractors' main line across the Mersey. There are five such bridges within two miles, to such an extent does the river wind about. This railway now extends, without a break, the whole of the distance between Manchester and Eastham, and is the line shown in our view of the estuary works.

The canal, when finished, will be 120 ft. wide at the bottom, and the sides will be faced with stone. The whole of this stone is being cut out of the canal at Eastham, Ellesmere, Moore, Barton, and other places; while all the bricks required for the locks, railway works, and different structures, are being made at Lymm. An excellent clay is dug out of the cutting there, and is converted into bricks by machinery on the spot. There are two mills at work, and the total output is about a quarter of a million bricks every week.

The river diversion at Thelwall is being cut to straighten the course of the Mersey a little; otherwise the canal would cut it twice within about three hundred yards. The deviation is now being faced with stone.

We are indebted for our present illustrations to some photographs taken by Mr. H. C. Bayley, of Lymm, near Warrington.

Sir John Pender is the Unionist candidate for the seat rendered vacant at Govan through the death of Sir William Pearce, Conservative, who at the last election had a majority of 362 over the Home Rule candidate, Mr. T. A. Dickson.

The remarkably realistic panorama of the Niagara Falls continues to attract during the holidays. The Niagara Panorama, which has made York-street, St. James's Park, familiar to tens of thousands, is certainly one of the most interesting exhibitions in London.

Mr. James Harrison, of Liverpool and Dornden, Tunbridge Wells, has announced his intention of giving £5000 towards founding a fund for the payment of pensions to nurses of the Liverpool Training School and Home for Nurses, in connection with the Royal Infirmary. Mr. Henry Tate and Mr. W. Rathbone have also contributed £1000 each.

THE LATE MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

The death, on Dec. 23, at Twickenham, of this clever and enterprising literary man, who had led an adventurous life and personally witnessed many remarkable scenes of contemporary history, is regretted by his large circle of acquaintance. He was born in 1829, of an old Scottish family, being the son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, C.B., Chief Justice of Ceylon. His education was somewhat desultory, being a combination of private tutorship with travels in his early youth, when he visited Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and India, and was the guest of Jung Bahadoor in Nepal; of the last-named Indian Native State, then little known, he wrote an account which brought him into notice. During the European Revolutionary struggles of 1848 and 1849, he took part with the Italian patriots in Rome, Naples, and Sicily, after which he visited the Crimea and the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea. Lord Elgin chose Mr. Oliphant for his private secretary in his diplomatic mission to the United States, and in his Governor-Generalship of Canada, where he served also as agent to the Indian tribes. He might have risen high in the Colonial service, but on the outbreak of the Crimean War he preferred to return to the East, and was engaged by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to accompany the expedition to Circassia, after which he joined Omar Pasha in Bosnia. His letters to the *Times* during the Russian War and the consequent events in Turkey attracted some attention. When Lord Elgin went out as special Ambassador to China, Mr. Oliphant again joined him, and saw much of the Chinese War till, in 1860, he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires in Japan, during the absence of Sir Rutherford Alcock. He had a narrow escape of being killed in the ferocious attack on the British Embassy in Japan. While in Europe, he had associated himself once more with the Italians in the war of 1859, had been a companion of Garibaldi, and had sojourned in Montenegro and Albania, and, in 1862, he was in the camp of the Polish insurgents. He also witnessed the beginning of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1864, acting as the *Times*' special correspondent, and published several books narrating his observations in different countries where stirring actions were performed. In 1865, Mr. Oliphant was elected M.P. for the Stirling Burghs, and lived a few years in London, writing a good deal for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and producing a novel called "Piccadilly." Resigning his seat in 1868, he went to America, where he imbibed the ideas of mystical religious Socialism taught by "the Prophet Harris," and became one of a fantastic monkish community founded somewhere in the United States. This did not last long, and Mr. Oliphant came back to Europe; he was one of the special war correspondents of the *Times* in the great war between France and Germany, in 1870. He next took up the project of Jewish and Christian colonisation in Palestine, travelled about in Syria, and fixed his dwelling at Haifa, in the Lebanon, having married a second wife. His more recent works are "Haifa" and "The Land of Khemi," describing Syria and Egypt; a novel called "Altiora Peto;" "Traits and Travesties;" "Irene McGillivuddy;" the mystical romance of "Masollam," and a treatise on "Scientific Religion," expressing his belief in the alleged phenomena of spiritualistic manifestations. The author of these very original books was certainly not a scientific or philosophical reasoner, but he had an intense imaginative curiosity and a lively fancy, and was an amiable man.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the Autotype Company, of London and Ealing.

HOT SPRINGS AND SILICATE TERRACES IN AUSTRALIA.

The Royal Geographical Society of Australasia held a meeting on Oct. 5, presided over by Sir Edward Strickland, K.C.B., when Mr. A. J. Vogan, of Auckland, New Zealand, gave an interesting account of his explorations last year in Northern Queensland. Mr. Vogan, who accompanied in 1885 the expedition sent by that society into the interior of New Guinea, will be remembered also by our readers as having furnished us with Sketches and a Map of the Tarawera volcanic eruption in New Zealand. We have repeatedly described and illustrated the wonderful hot springs and cascades, and beautiful terraces of coloured or white silicate deposit, formerly existing at Lake Rotomahana, which were destroyed by the Tarawera eruption. Similar phenomena exist in the Yellowstone River Park of North America, and in one of the Philippine Islands; but it was not until now generally known that there were any such hot springs, and curious terraces of matter deposited by them, in the interior of the Australian continent. The northern part of Queensland, beyond Townsville and the Burdekin district, extends about 7 deg. of latitude towards the Equator, terminating in Cape York, having the Gulf of Carpentaria on its western shore and the Pacific Ocean to the east. A strip of fertile and well-watered land, averaging fifteen miles wide, along the Pacific sea-coast, available for the cultivation of tropical produce, is separated by the coast range of mountains from a rocky table-land of igneous formation, which yields large quantities of tin and copper ore near Herberton and Watsonville; a series of basaltic rocks, attaining an elevation of 2000 ft. or 3000 ft., rests on the granite and the schists and slates of the Mulgrave gold-fields. Beyond, to the west, are beds of "Desert sandstone" extending to the shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria, which receives several large rivers—the Lynd and its tributary the Palmer; the Gilbert, which is joined by the Einsleigh river, and one that flows by the Croydon gold-fields to Normananton and Kimberley, on the Gulf shore. Mr. Vogan travelled entirely across this region, a journey of several hundred miles, from Normananton to Cairns, on the east coast; and when at Georgetown, about midway, he was informed by Mr. Cook, whom he met there, of the existence of hot springs on the Einsleigh which only two white men had ever seen. In July last, Mr. Vogan went out of his way to examine these springs, of which he is the first to give a particular report, and we are indebted to him for sketches and notes concerning them. It must be confessed that they are very inferior in grandeur and beauty to those frequently described in New Zealand, but they are of the same character, forming the basins and terraces of silica represented in our illustrations. The water has a temperature of 180 deg. to 185 deg. Fahrenheit, and holds in solution an amount of silica, lime, soda, and other foreign substances, much less than some other hot springs contain. There are thermal springs at Woolleigh, near Herberton, which have been resorted to for medicinal purposes. We understand that Mr. Vogan proposes shortly to visit the Kermadec Islands, to the north-east of New Zealand, where there are remarkable aqueous volcanic phenomena; and, in May next, to accompany the Governor of New Guinea, Mr. S. Macgregor, in an important exploring trip to the north coast of New Guinea, from which we hope to obtain information of still greater interest.

Messrs. Maple's extensive furniture establishment in Tottenham-court-road was the scene of an alarming fire on Jan. 2. The outbreak, however, being confined to one department, business was not interrupted.

How BRUDDER JAKE GOTCHED DAT AR NEW YEAR DRIG

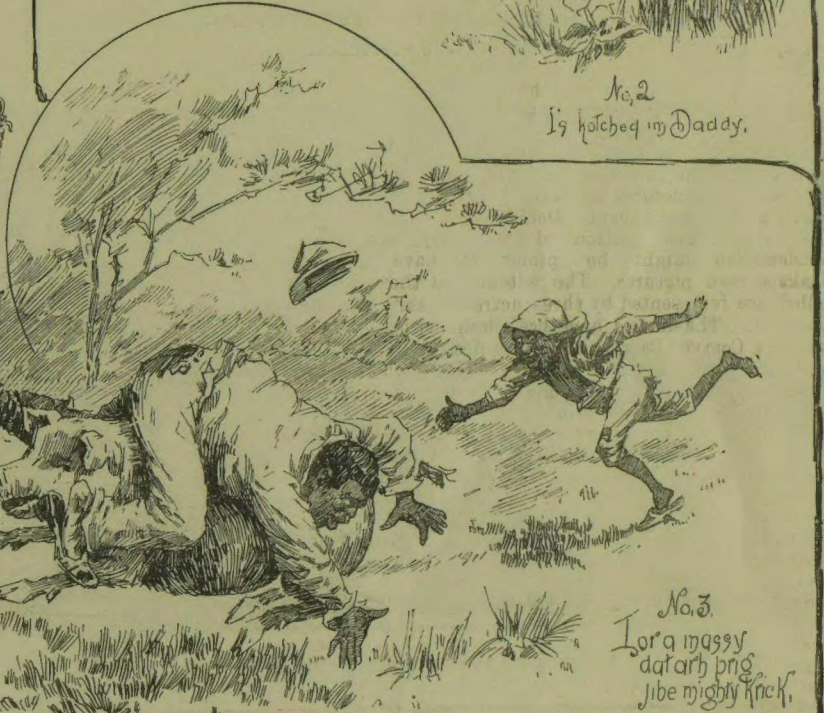
No. 1

Jake, shogen yo' kill
dalar pig,
Is gowine to life frieng to
dinnah New Year.



No. 2

Is hotcheq in Daddy.



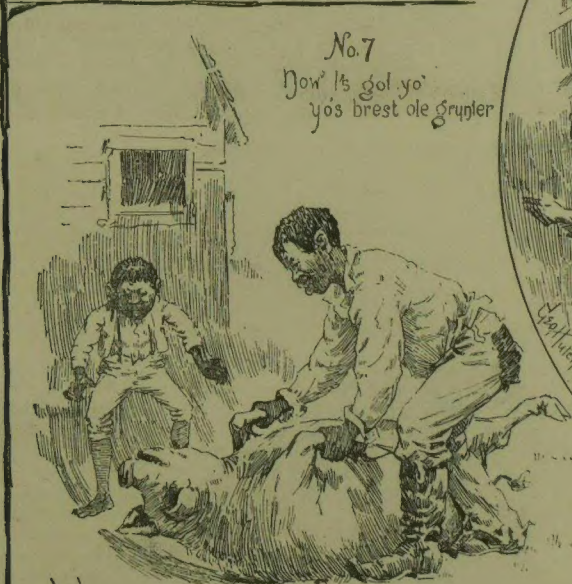
No. 3

Lor a massy
dalar pig
jibe mighty knick.



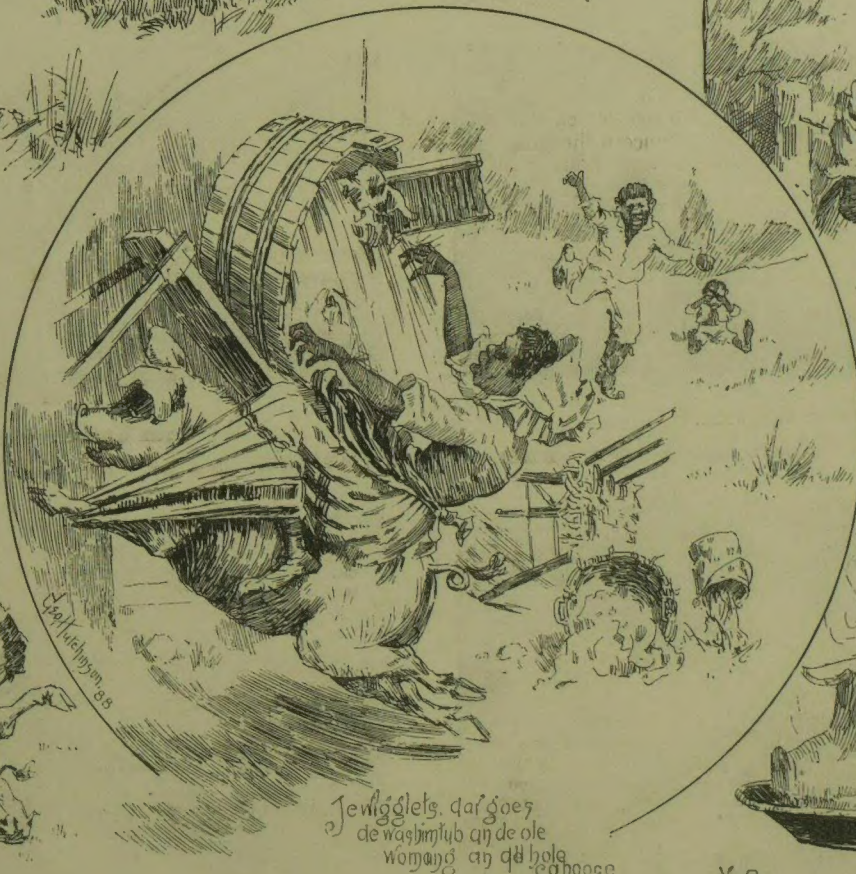
No. 4

Jessy foleb bark dat
ar pig yo' brack
Seoundel



No. 7

Now it's got yo'
yo's brest ole grunler



Jewigglets, dar goer
de washin'ub an de ole
womang an de hola
caboose

No. 6

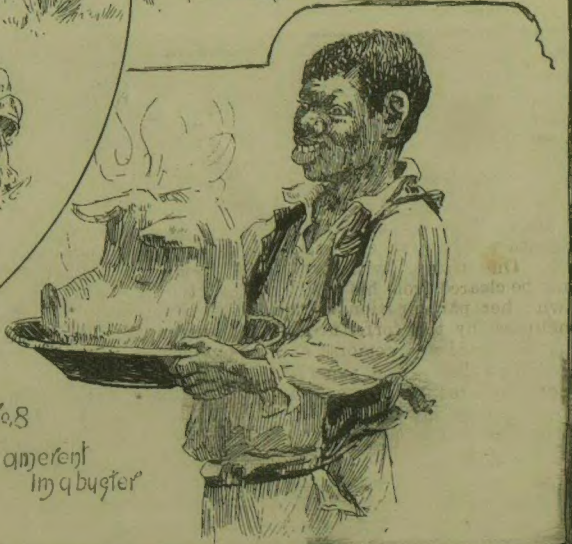
No. 5

What yo' doin dar?
I guess you hotch it
yo'g ford all de
seafayin' yo' part



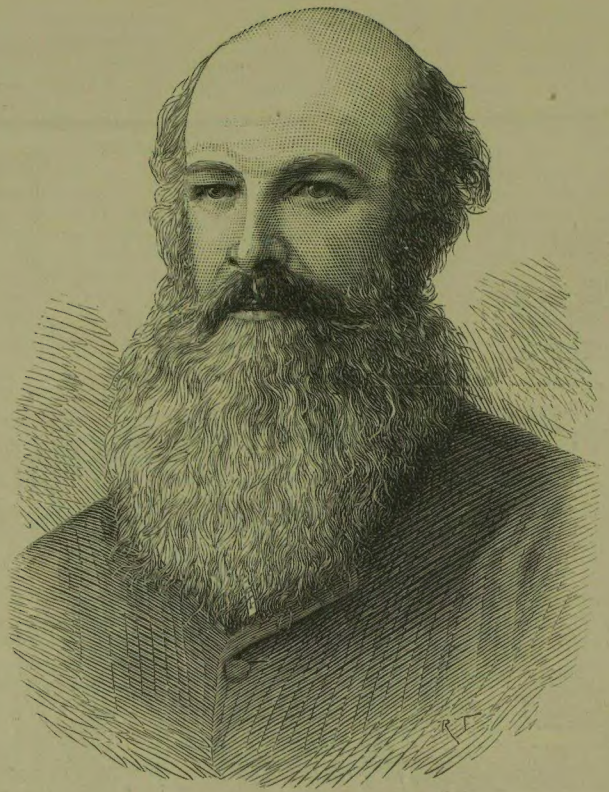
No. 8

Golly amarent
in a bugler





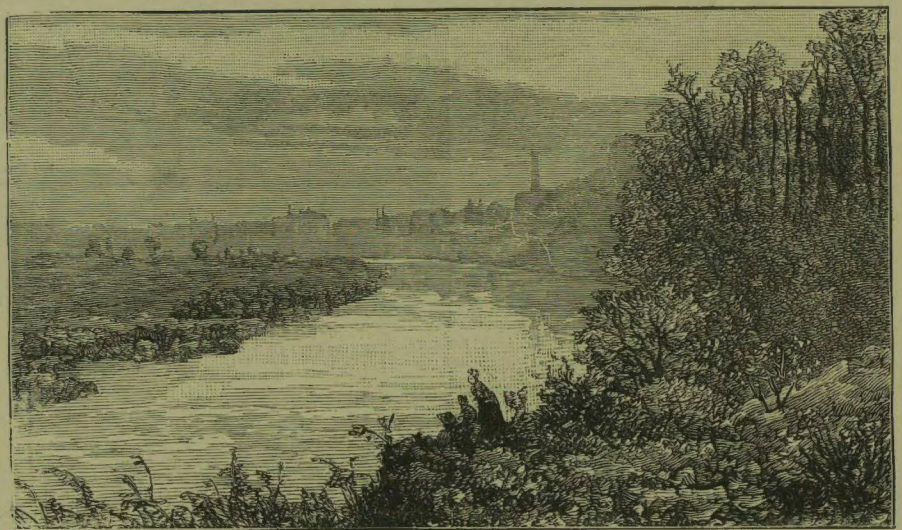
THE LATE VISCOUNT EVERSLY.
SEE "OBITUARY."



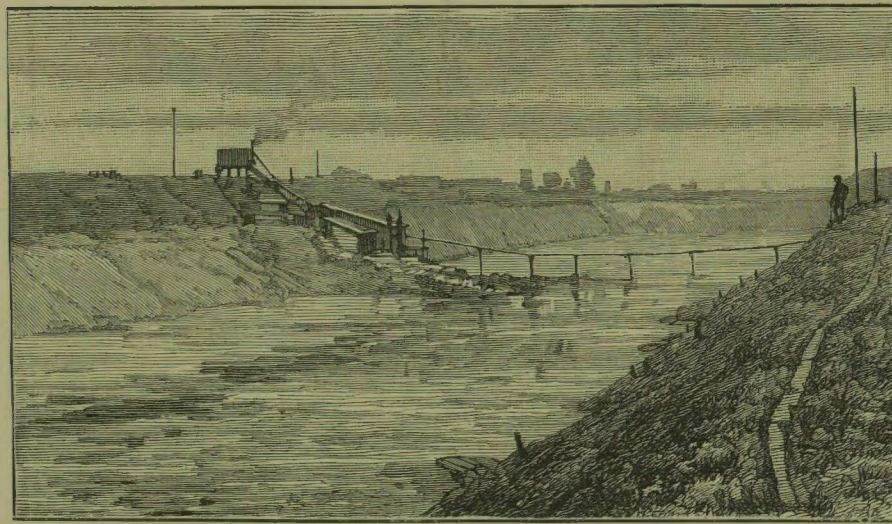
THE LATE MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT,
TRAVELLER AND AUTHOR.



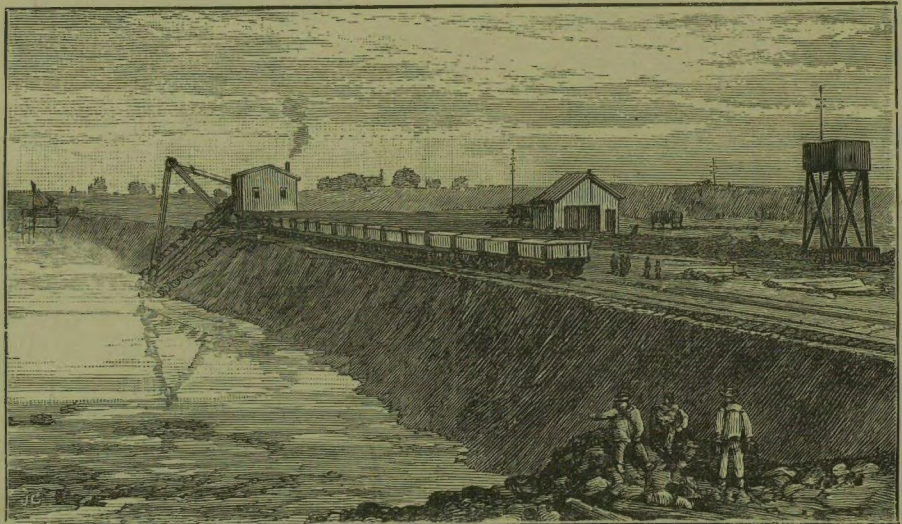
THE MERSEY ESTUARY WORKS NEAR EASTHAM.



SITE OF THE WARRINGTON DOCKS.

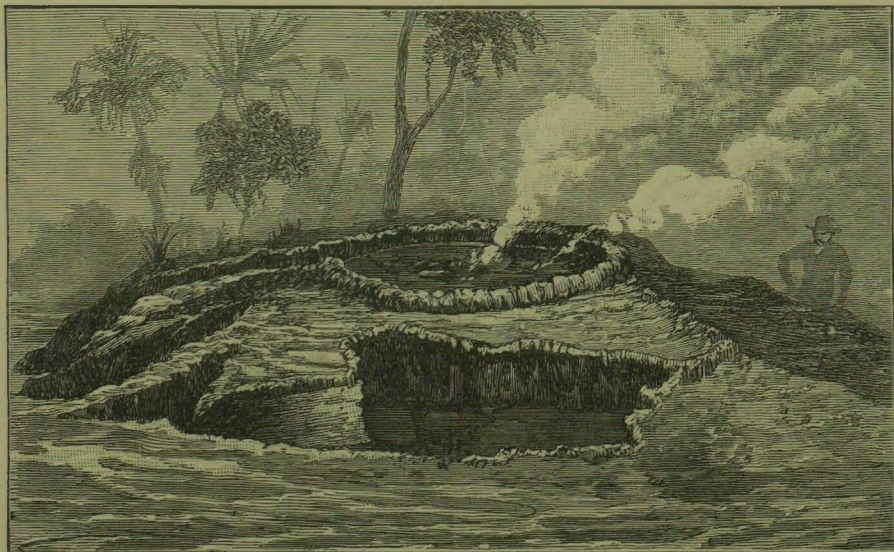


DIVERSION OF THE MERSEY AT THELWALL.



THE GERMAN STEAM-DIGGER AT LYMM, CHESHIRE.

PROGRESS OF THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

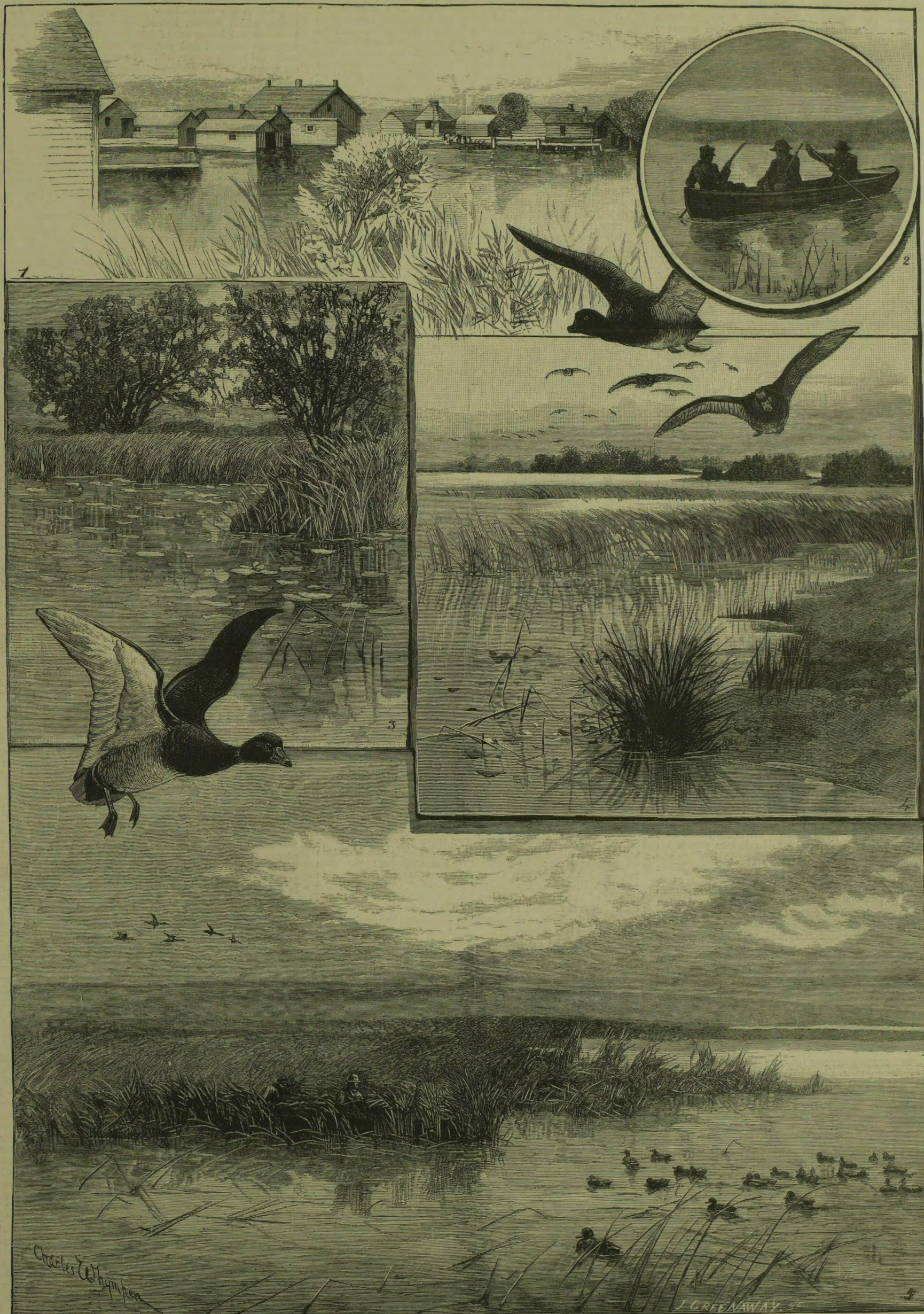


THE HAROLD SPRING, EINSLEIGH RIVER.



THE COOK SPRING, EINSLEIGH RIVER.

DISCOVERY OF HOT SPRINGS IN NORTH QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA: SKETCHES BY THE EXPLORER, MR. A. J. VOGAN.



1. The Long Point Club-House. 2. An Early Start for the Shooting. 3. A Lilly-covered Pool. 4. The "Rice-Beds." 5. The Marquis of Lansdowne Shooting over Decoys.

DUCK-SHOOTING AT LONG POINT ISLAND, ON LAKE ERIE.

STUART RELICS AT THE NEW GALLERY.

The House of Stuart, although harshly judged by history, has exercised a strange fascination upon succeeding generations. Three members of the family in three successive centuries have drawn towards themselves a sympathy and an interest which their political careers would scarcely justify. Mary, Queen of Scots, in the sixteenth; the "Royal Martyr" in the seventeenth, and the Young Pretender in the eighteenth century appear to us now surrounded by a halo of romance and poetry for which their contemporaries would be at a loss to account. Each, it is true, had devoted adherents, who were ready to sacrifice even life for the cause; but, as a rule, enthusiasm of this kind rarely survives its object, and we must look elsewhere for the source of that attraction which these three names still exercise. The present exhibition, whilst it will afford conclusive evidence of the permanence of this feeling among the few—as shown in the careful keeping of so many interesting relics—will, perhaps, test how far the public at large shares in this attachment to the dethroned dynasty.

Before touching upon the chief features of this truly remarkable display, it is only due to the active secretary, Mr. Leonard Lindsay, and to the executive committee presided over by the Earl of Ashburnham, to recognise how admirably and fully they have carried out their self-imposed task. Owners of Stuart relics, not only in the three kingdoms, but St. Edmund's College, Douai, which played an important part in the history of '45, have generously contributed their treasures, and the result is a collection which may be fairly taken as a liberal education in the history of the House of Stuart.

The portraits, which have been hung with great taste and judgment round the two galleries, must not be all accepted as authentic or even as contemporary likenesses, but in most cases they may be probably taken as fairly suggestive. Very few of them can be regarded as works of a high order of art, except in the eyes of those who find beauty in the decorous dullness of Mytens, or the simpering sensuality of Lely. An exception must, however, be made for the famous Diptych (8), formerly in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Edinburgh, but now at Holyrood, in which portraits of James III. and his son, afterwards James IV., Margaret of Denmark, Queen of Scotland, and Mary of Gueldres and Queen of Scotland are introduced. The picture, which, as is well known to all who have visited Holyrood, is in excellent preservation, is painted with more than usual spirit, and might pass as the work of a Flemish artist of distinction, although tradition assigns it to David and John Pratt, who lived in Stirling at the close of the fifteenth century. Holbein's portraits of James IV. (9) and his wife, Margaret Tudor (10), are interesting pictorially as well as historically; but still more in every way is that of James V. (15) in his padded coat of cloth of gold, over which hangs the gold collar and badge of the Thistle. Of Mary Queen of Scots there are at least twenty portraits, differing so much among themselves that it is no wonder that imagination has in despair fixed in each historian's mind a varying estimate of her charms and beauty. Probably the most attractive of all the portraits is the "Denil Blanc" (27), attributed to Janet, which was formerly at Hampton Court, but has now been removed to Windsor. It is a face which has all the characteristics of the best-authenticated portraits—the bunched, close-curling hair escaping from under the close-fitting cap; the compressed lips and chestnut-coloured eyes. The replica of her Majesty's picture, lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison, is in still better preservation as regards the colour of the semi-transparent wimple and long veil, although the panel on which it is painted looks of far more remote antiquity. There is more dignity than beauty in Zuccheri's portrait of Mary (34), in a tight-fitting red brocade gown, and taken, if at all, at a time when the Queen must have been between five-and-twenty and thirty years old, which was probably the "heyday" of her beauty. But more touching in every respect are the "Memorial" portraits of Mary, full-length and lifesize, with the incidents of her execution in the background. The original of these (39) belongs to Blair's College, Aberdeen; and from it two copies, at least, were made—one for James I., now at Windsor Castle, and lent to the present exhibition (38), and the other, with very slight variation, belonging to the Earl of Darnley (41). Of the Charles I. portraits, the group (67) belonging to the Duke of Devonshire is a fine replica of Vandyke's picture at Windsor Castle. The King and Queen are seated, full face towards the spectator; by the side of the former stands his eldest son, Charles, whilst the latter nurses in her lap the infant Princess Mary. Of the sadly-tried Henrietta Maria there are several portraits, taken at various periods of her life, the most striking of them, perhaps, being that by Claude Le Fevre (70), lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison, and painted when she was an old woman and an exile. In the worn, melancholy expression of her face one can hardly realise the woman whose hot temper had such an evil influence over her husband's vacillating mind.

The portraits in the North Gallery range over an almost equal period, taking up the story of the Stuarts from the youth of Prince Rupert (91), in his peer's robes, and closing with Henry IX., or, as he is better known, the Cardinal York (189). Of those who occupied the scene in the interval none was more attractive, among the women, than Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, Charles I.'s youngest daughter, and of her beauty Mignard's portrait (96), lent by the Duke of Grafton, gives a favourable impression. Neither Kneller nor Lely could succeed in making Catherine of Braganza a dignified personage; but there is something bright and attractive in her face, which makes us understand her popularity at Court. At no period of his life—and we have him here from the age of one year (143)—was the "Old Pretender," otherwise called James III. and VIII., an attractive-looking person; but his wife, Princess Maria Clementina (156), the granddaughter of John Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna, had a face in every way worthy of study. This portrait, taken with the other relics lent by Sir James Drummond of Hawthorndean, makes her one of the most interesting personages in the exhibition. "Prince Charlie" is portrayed in every variety of costume and at every phase of his life, from his first appearance at his baptism (184), or in trews (152), until his old age (158) with powdered hair tied with black ribbon. In addition to these portraits of the members of the Stuart family, there are several of their friends and adherents from the time of Juxon onwards—but they call for no special comment. Among the miniatures, of which there is a considerable display, it is probable that more accurate likenesses might be found to the originals than in the larger pictures, but it is not possible to speak of them in detail; and we therefore pass on to the relics, which will probably prove the most attractive part of this exhibition to the general public.

The first case (B), in the West Gallery, is devoted almost exclusively to the religious relics, such as rosaries, books of Hours, and Psalters belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, the only exceptions being a lock of hair lent by the Queen, and bequeathed to her Majesty by the late Lord Belhaven; the leading strings of James VI., worked by his Royal mother; and the silver draught-board

presented by Queen Mary to Mary Seton, and now the property of the Hay family of Duns. Case C contains the well-known "Cup of Malcolm Canmore," presented by Queen Mary to Sir James Balfour of Burleigh; the "Mary Queen of Scots Ring," a heart-shaped diamond with three stones above, set in an ancient crown; and a ring supposed to have been the betrothal or nuptial ring given by Darnley to Mary. In Case D the principal object of attraction is a piece of lace, of the style of the point d'Alençon, supposed to have belonged to Lady Arabella Stuart; and in the next we have the more lugubrious relics of Charles I.'s execution—the shirt, drawers, and garters worn by him on that occasion, and preserved ever since in the Ashburnham family, one of whom acted as the King's attendant; the glove worn by the King on the same day seems to be preserved with equal care in Mr. Bennett-Stanford's family; and the prayer-book used on the scaffold, by that of John Evelyn of Wotton. Case G contains a number of ornaments, badges, medallions, as well as various watches formerly belonging to Charles I.; but, unfortunately, the most interesting of all is absent—that which he threw to Mr. (afterwards) Sir Edward Worsley, who had planned the King's escape from Carisbrooke Castle, and was waiting under the window through which his Majesty was unable to pass. This watch is, we believe, still in the Worsley family, and should find a place beside those given to Sir William Dugdale, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, and to Mr. Spencer of Redleaf. Passing next to the relics of the two "Pretenders," we notice, in addition to numerous locks of hair, shreds of ribbon and tartan plaids, a pair of mittens worn by Charles Edward when disguised as Betty Burke; a punch-bowl broken (and now repaired) by the same on his arrival at Kingsburgh House, Skye, in company with Flora Macdonald; the portrait carried by the Prince after the battle of Culloden; the target or shield borne by him on the same occasion; and three white roses of paper, probably made by Lady Strange (Isabel Lumisden) and intended to be worn at the triumphant entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh after the dispersal of the English forces in 1745. The same lady's prayer-book with the names of the Stuart Princes substituted for those of the House of Hanover is another testimony of this good lady's devotion to the lost cause; and it fittingly finds a place beside the more numerous relics of Flora Macdonald. In addition to these varied attractions, which we have briefly summarised, there are numerous miniatures lent by the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Galloway, the Hon. R. Baillie Hamilton, Mr. Stewart Dawson, and others; a splendid collection of engraved portraits lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison; various autographs, manuscripts, and printed books bearing upon one or other member of the Stuart family; and two curtains, a counterpane, and valence, lent by Sir Henry Paston Bedingfield, and said to have been worked by Mary, Queen of Scots, and her stern custodian, the Countess of Shrewsbury, otherwise called "Bess of Hardwick," during the former's stay at Wingfield Manor House.

It would be easy to go on speaking of the various treasures, historical and apocryphal, of which this exhibition is made up. If some of the relics must be classed in the latter category, it reflects nothing either upon the committee or their possessors. These memorials have been handed down for the most part in the honest belief that they were genuine, and they have, no doubt, served to keep alive a sentiment which did honour to those who did not measure right and truth by outward success. The exhibition deserves, as it doubtless will obtain, a great success. During the holiday season it may well be shared in by the younger generation, who will there find a pleasant way of learning much at little trouble and with sustained interest; whilst the well-edited catalogue—barring its grotesque blunder in describing Mary Queen of Scots' tablecloth (815), and the confusion in Cardinal York's name—will prove a useful text-book for those who wish to carry their researches further into the history of the Royal House of Stuart.

DUCK-SHOOTING ON LAKE ERIE.

In no part of the world is there better duck-shooting than on Lake Erie; so that sportsmen of both shores, Americans and Canadians, have made duck-shooting their specialty. The Marquis of Lansdowne, late Governor-General of Canada, was invited by some keen sportsmen to take part in last season's sport. Our Illustrations are drawn from photographs taken during his visit to the Long Point Club. This is an association of gentlemen for the purpose of the shooting; but each member has his separate house. The settlement is shown in our first illustration, with the club-house standing in the middle of the View. The club takes its name from the island on which it is located, Long Point Island.

The ducks flock to this island in countless thousands in the autumn and late winter. It is then, of course, that the shooting takes place. The mallard, the pochard, the scoup and black duck, the summer duck and teal, the pintail and canvas-back, all come in enormous numbers. One of the attractions to them is the wild rice, which grows in great beds in the comparatively shallow water. The sportsman conceals himself among the reeds and sedges, and even covers the bows of his boat, or "skiff," as they call it, with a made screen of grasses, and thus, unseen, awaits the arrival of the duck. He has placed out, about ten or twenty yards from him, a flotilla of decoy-ducks, cunningly made of wood, and painted so as to represent the various species. When the wild ducks, flying overhead, observe these decoys, they sweep down, fearing nothing. Just then is the time for the sportsman to fire, and with a second gun all ready, he generally looks for at least a leash of ducks on each occasion. The firing does not seem to have much effect in stopping the ducks coming again and again; and big bags are recorded, as no uncommon thing, which would excite the envy of an average English shooter. We are told that Lord Lansdowne had much success with the gun, and he greatly enjoyed this unique sample of American sport.

The ducks are very curious in their persistent habit of always coming to certain places—which places are, of course, keenly in request among the members of the club. They take their places by lot, and each sportsman must keep strictly to his allotted station. The area of the shooting is so large, that the guns are all stationed widely apart. After the day's shooting all the members repair to their various quarters, and afterwards go to the club-house and recount the fortunes of the day. The Long Point Club is peculiar in some of its regulations; but, with minor differences, there are similar clubs in many parts of the country, from which it would seem that the American sportsman is more gregarious than his English brother. Our other Views show that Long Point Island is not deficient in varied charms of natural scenery, besides the facilities of sport.

The marriage of Sir William Cecil Henry Domville, Bart., of St. Albans, Herts, and of the Royal Navy, to Miss Ann Josephine Moselle Ames, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Metcalfe Ames, of Linden Hall, Morpeth, Northumberland, took place on Dec. 29, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square.

NOVELS.

One of the Forty ("L'Immortel"). Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet by A. W. Verrall and Margaret De G. Verrall (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.).—A story of profound moral and social interest, the most recent and effective work of M. Daudet, who is unquestionably the most powerful French writer of truthlike fiction now living, is here promptly adapted to the convenience of English reading. The translation, which cannot, indeed, equal the masterly force, the terseness and keenness, of his admirable French, is genuine vigorous English, and pregnant with the author's meaning, animated by his own spirit. It has appeared, during the past six months, in the *Universal Review*; and the small volume of some three hundred pages, in which it is now reprinted, is a better gift, to readers who relish dramatic stories of contemporary life and manners, than any three-volume novel written in English for many years past. We have, indeed, no one at present among us who could treat a similar topic in fiction with the ability of M. Daudet. We have had far greater humorists, far greater imaginative authors, within the last half-century; but never a satirist with such firm grasp of concrete conceptions, such unwavering directness and wholeness of purpose, such a faculty, in common prose dealing with every-day affairs, of compressing strong thought into the fewest sentences. There is a good-natured diffusiveness and excur-siveness in our popular novelists which M. Daudet resolutely eschews; he does not choose to seem amiable, sentimental, or romantic, but wants to unmask a great lump of the Parisian world, and to expose follies and vices which are perhaps, in other shapes, too prevalent in the world of fashion, of artistic and literary pretension, in other European capitals. The French Academy, the famous literary section of the "Institute of France," has no counterpart in England, though we have a Royal Academy of Art. None acquainted with the exquisitely polished language and the magnificent classic literature of that most intellectual of modern nations will disparage the former glories of the Academy, or rather of the illustrious men, poets, scholars, critics, orators, dramatists, and philosophers who have been elected to sit in its forty chairs, in times when French genius was a mental aristocracy, guarded by privilege, yet open to merit—a higher nobility than that surrounding the Royal or Imperial Court. But M. Daudet, with many of his countrymen in this democratic age, sees good cause to regard the Academy now as a decayed, hollow, corrupt, and incurable antiquated institution, the focus of mean personal intrigues and sordid jobbery, ridiculous in its formalities, odious as an exclusive, irresponsible, almost iniquitous monopoly of fashionable patronage, a self-elected club or clique, admitting many vain pretenders, abusing its grand title and traditions for base and selfish ends. It would be unbecoming in us Englishmen to endorse this tremendous accusation; but we have never desired the establishment of an English Academy, and we do not believe that any of our great English authors, from Shakespeare to Dickens, from Milton to Tennyson, would have been at all improved by its membership. M. Daudet, in this very interesting story, the date of which is made so recent as 1880, enters into the inner life of the French Academy, connected with the domestic concerns of two or three private families, and of individual ladies and gentlemen who may be types of Parisian society, like the characters in Balzac, without supposing them to be actual portraits. The real hero of the tragedy—for his end is sad—is Mr. Astier-Réhu, a laborious scholar and historian, with the boorish temperament of a rude Auvergnat peasant, an ex-schoolmaster, a harsh, pedantic, yet simple-minded man, who has married the daughter of one Academician, the grand-daughter of another, old Réhu still living as a centenarian, for the sake of admission to the sacred circle of "the Immortals." He attains, when past sixty years of age, the most substantial reward that the Academy can bestow—the office of permanent secretary, with a handsome salary and an official residence in that stately building, the Palais Mazarin, on the left bank of the Seine. But he owes his promotion, after all, not to his learning and literary diligence, which are respectable, but to the social and personal dexterity of his wife, a scheming, crafty, dishonest woman, who privately treats him with heartless contempt. She is absorbed in servile devotion to her only son, Paul Astier, an architect by profession, a spendthrift, an elegant man of fashion, whose main object is to marry some lady with plenty of money. Poor old Astier, really an honest dupe, though a disagreeable husband, shut up with his books and manuscripts and his precious collection of historical autographs, is shamefully cheated in various ways. Paul's mercenary pursuit of two ladies of rank and wealth is carried on with unscrupulous boldness. He loses the first object of his elaborate gallantry, a fair young widowed Princess, because, curiously enough, his mother has, without knowing his views, contrived for a pecuniary bribe to persuade this lady to accept another suitor. Paul then fights a sword-duel at St. Cloud with his rival, the Prince d'Athis, gets a wound in the throat like General Boulanger, and on his recovery of health pays court to another lady, the rich Duchess Padovani, who is old enough to be his mother, but who is foolishly enamoured of the handsome young man. She yields to his calculated attentions, in a prolonged stay at her rural mansion on the Loire, and he gets hold of her ample fortune: no doubt such things do happen. Meantime, the worthy Academician suffers no end of troubles. His wife steals his supposed autograph letters from Charles V. to Rabalais, and sells them for £800 to give to his idle son. His entire collection of autographs, purchased by him at a cost of £6500 from a hump-backed bookbinder named Fage, turn out spurious forgeries, and the Academy is made ridiculous. Poor Astier drowns himself in the Seine, close by the Pont des Arts. We remember having heard of some incidents not much stranger than these in Parisian social history. M. Daudet, of course, has been charged with the worst motives in writing this tale. Partisans of the Academy say that he is envious because he has not been admitted to "the Forty." Without knowing him personally, we can readily give him credit for a just intention; no tone of bitter vindictiveness is perceptible, and we are not aware that real persons are expressly attacked. He thinks the Academy a humbug, as it now exists; we do not know whether it is or not. In his portraiture of Védine, the sculptor, who despises all the Academies, we recognise that noble type of the independent, unconventional, true-hearted devotee of Art for its own sake, the earnest lover of Truth and Nature, the man of homely, simple, virtuous desires, of which type modern France has produced as pure examples as Germany, or England, or any country in Europe. What else was the life, for instance, of the faithful painter Millet? The character also of Freydet, the modest country gentleman who writes poems, and who comes up to town hoping to be received by the Academy, is thoroughly estimable; and his affection for his invalid sister is true and touching. This is not a cynical, far less an immoral story, but one that leaves a wholesome impression and a serious lesson on the mind; while its cleverness is delicious, and it seems to hit the mark of justly-merited satire with a marvellously skilful aim.

CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE
OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS
SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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[The Chant of Isis and the Song of Cleopatra in this Romance are done into verse from the Author's prose by Mr. Andrew Lang. The song sung by Charmion is translated by the same hand from the Greek of the Syrian Meleager.]

INTRODUCTION.



the recesses of the desolate Libyan mountains that lie behind the temple and city of Abydos, the supposed burying-place of the Holy Osiris, a tomb was recently

discovered, among the contents of which were the papyrus rolls on which this history is written. The tomb itself is spacious, but otherwise remarkable only for the depth of the shaft which descends vertically from the rock-hewn cave, that once served as a mortuary chapel to the friends and relatives of the departed, to the coffin-chamber beneath. This shaft is no less than eighty-nine feet in depth. The chamber at its foot was found to contain three coffins only,

though it is large enough for many more. Two of these, which in all probability inclosed the bodies of the High Priest, Amenemhat, and of his wife, father and mother of Harmachis, the hero of this history, the shameless Arabs who discovered them there and then broke up.

The Arabs broke the bodies up. With unhalloved hands they tore the holy Amenemhat and the frame of her who had, as it is written, been filled with the spirit of the Hathors—tore them limb from limb, searching for treasure amidst their bones—perhaps, as is their custom, selling the very bones for a few piastres to the last ignorant tourist who came their way, seeking what he might destroy. For in Egypt the unhappy, the living find their bread in the tombs of the great men who were before them.

But, as it chanced, some little while afterwards, one who is known to this writer, and a doctor by profession, passed up the Nile to Abydos, and became acquainted with the men who had done this thing. They revealed to him the secret of the place, telling him that one coffin yet remained entombed. It seemed to be the coffin of a poor person, they said, and therefore, being pressed for time, they had left it unviolated. Moved by curiosity to explore the recesses of a tomb as yet unprofaned by tourists, my friend bribed the Arabs to reveal its secret to him. What ensued I will give in his own words, exactly as he wrote it to me:—

I slept that night near the Temple of Seti, and started before daybreak on the following morning. With me were a cross-eyed rascal called Ali—Ali Baba I named him—the man from whom I got the ring which I am sending you, and a small but choice assortment of his fellow-thieves. Within an hour after sunrise we reached the valley where the tomb is. It is a desolate place, into which the sun pours his scorching heat all the long day through, till the huge brown boulders which are strewn about become so hot that one can scarcely bear to touch them, and the sand scorches the feet. We rode on donkeys, for it was already too hot to walk, some way up the valley—where a vulture floating far in the blue overhead was the only other visitor—till we came to an enormous boulder polished by centuries of the action of sun and sand. Here Ali halted, saying that the tomb was under the stone. Accordingly we dismounted, and, leaving the donkeys in charge of a fellow boy, went up to the rock. Beneath it was a small hole, barely large enough for a man to creep through; indeed, it had been dug by jackals, for the doorway and some part of the cave were entirely silted up, and it was by means of this jackal hole that the tomb had been discovered. Ali crept in on his hands and knees, and I followed, to find myself in a place cold after the hot outside air, and in contrast with the light, filled with a dazzling darkness. We lit our candles, and the select body of thieves having arrived, I made an examination. We were in a cave the size of a large room, and hollowed by hand, the further part of the cave being almost free from drift-dust. On the walls are religious paintings of the usual Ptolemaic character, and among them one of a majestic old man with a long white beard, who is seated in a carved chair holding a wand in his hand.* Before him are passing a procession of priests bearing sacred images. In the far corner of the tomb on the right hand from the door is the shaft of the mummy-pit, a square-mouthed well cut in the black rock. We had brought a beam of thorn-wood, and this was now laid across the pit and a rope made fast to it. Then Ali—who, to do him justice, is a courageous thief—took hold of the rope and, putting some candles into the breast of his robe, placed his bare feet against the smooth sides of the well and began to descend with great rapidity. Very soon he had vanished into the blackness, and the agitation of the cord alone told us that anything was going on below. At last the rope ceased shaking and a faint shout came rumbling up the well, announcing Ali's safe arrival. Then, far below, a tiny star of light appeared. He had lit the candle, thereby disturbing hundreds of bats that flittered up in an endless stream and as silently as spirits. The rope was hauled up again, and now it was my turn; but as I declined to trust my neck to the hand-over-hand method of descent, the end of the cord was made fast round my middle and I was lowered bodily into those sacred depths. Nor was it a pleasant journey, for, if the masters of the situation above had made any mistake I should have been dashed to pieces. Also, the bats continually flew into my face and clung to my hair, and I have a great dislike of bats. At last, after some minutes of jerking and dangling, I found myself standing in a narrow passage by the side of the worthy Ali, covered with bats and perspiration, and with the skin rubbed off my knees and

knuckles. Then another man came down, hand over hand, like a sailor, and as the rest were told to stop above we were ready to go on. Ali went first with his candle—of course we each had a candle—leading the way down a long passage about five feet high. At length the passage widened out and we were in the tomb-chamber: I think the hottest and most silent place that I ever entered. It was simply stifling. This tomb-chamber is a square room cut in the rock and totally devoid of paintings or sculpture. I held up the candles and looked round. About the place were strewn the coffin-lids and the mummied remains of the two bodies that the Arabs had previously violated. The paintings on the former were, I noticed, of great beauty, though, having no knowledge of hieroglyphics, I could not decipher them. Beads and spicy wrappings lay around the remains, which, I saw, were those of a man and a woman.† The head had been broken off the body of the man. I took it up and looked at it. It had been closely shaved—after death, I should say, from the general indications—and the features were disfigured with gold leaf. But, notwithstanding this, and the shrinkage of the flesh, I think the face was one of the most imposing and beautiful that I ever saw. It was that of a very old man, and his dead countenance still wore so calm and solemn, indeed, so awful a look, that I grew quite superstitious (though, as you know, I am pretty well accustomed to dead people), and put the head down in a hurry. There were still some wrappings left upon the face of the second body, and I did not remove them; but she must have been a fine large woman in her day.

"There the other mummy," said Ali, pointing to a large and solid case that had the appearance of having been carelessly thrown down in a corner, for it was lying on its side.

I went up to it and examined it. It was well made, but of perfectly plain cedar-wood—not an inscription, not a solitary god on it.

"Never see one like him before," said Ali. "Bury great hurry, he no 'mafsh,' no 'fineesh.' Throw him down there on side."

I looked at the plain case till at last my interest was thoroughly aroused. I had been so shocked by the sight of the scattered dust of the departed that I had made up my mind not to touch the remaining coffin—but now my curiosity overcame me and we set to work.

Ali had brought a mallet and a cold chisel with him, and having set the coffin straight he began upon it with all the zeal of an experienced tomb-breaker. And then he pointed out another thing. Most mummy cases are fastened by four little tongues of wood, two on either side, which are fixed in the upper half, and, passing into mortices cut to receive them in the thickness of the lower half, are there held fast by pegs of hard wood. But this mummy-case had eight such tongues. Evidently it had been thought well to secure it firmly. At last, with great difficulty, we raised the massive lid, which was nearly three inches thick, and there, covered over with a deep layer of loose spices (a very unusual thing), was the body.

Ali looked at it with open eyes—and no wonder. For this mummy was not as other mummies are. Mummies in general lie upon their backs, as stiff and calm as though they were cut from wood; but this mummy lay upon its side, and, the wrappings notwithstanding, its knees were slightly bent. More than that, indeed, the gold mask, which, after the fashion of the Ptolemaic period, had been set upon the face, had worked down, and was literally pounded up beneath the hooded head.

It was impossible, seeing these things, to avoid the conclusion that the mummy before us had moved with violence since it was put in the coffin.

"Him very funny mummy. Him not 'mafsh' when him go in there," said Ali.

"Nonsense!" I said. "Who ever heard of a live mummy?" We lifted the body out of the coffin, nearly choking ourselves with mummy dust in the process, and there beneath it, half hidden among the spices, we made our first find. It was a roll of papyrus, carelessly fastened and wrapped in a piece of mummy cloth, having to all appearance been thrown into the coffin at the moment of closing.‡

Ali eyed the papyrus greedily, but I seized it and put it in my pocket, for it was agreed that I was to have all that might be discovered. Then we began to unwrap the body. It was covered with very broad strong bandages, thickly wound and roughly tied, sometimes by means of simple knots, the whole work bearing the appearance of having been executed in great haste and with difficulty. Just over the head was a large lump. Presently, the bandages covering it were off, and there, on the face, lay a second roll of papyrus. I put down my hand to lift it, but it would not come away. It appeared to be fixed to the stout seamless shroud which was drawn over the whole body, and tied beneath the feet—as a farmer ties sacks. This shroud, which was also thickly waxed, was in one piece, being made to fit the form like a garment. I took a candle and examined the roll and then I saw why it was fast. The spices had congealed and glued it to the sacklike shroud. It was impossible to get it away without tearing the outer sheets of papyrus.§

At last, however, I wrenched it loose and put it with the other in my pocket.

Then in silence we went on with our dreadful task. With much care we ripped loose the sack-like garment, and at last the body of a man lay before us. Between his knees was a third roll of papyrus. I secured it, and then held down the lights and looked at him. Being a doctor, one glance at his face was enough to tell me how he had died.

This body was not much dried up. Evidently it had not passed the allotted seventy days in natron, and therefore the expression and likeness were better preserved than is usual. Without entering into particulars, I will only say that I hope I shall never see such another look as that which was frozen on this dead man's face. Even the Arabs recoiled from it in horror and began to mutter prayers.

For the rest, the usual opening on the left side through which the embalmers did their work was absent; the finely-cut features were those of a person of middle age, although the hair was already grey, and the frame that of a very powerful man, the shoulders being of an extraordinary width. I had not time to examine very closely, however, for within a few seconds from its uncovering, the unembalmed body, now that it was exposed to the action of the air, began to crumble. In five or six minutes there was literally nothing left of it but a wisp of hair, the skull, and a few of the larger bones. I noticed that one of the ribs—I forget if it was the right or the left—had been fractured and very badly set. It must have been quite an inch shorter than the other.

Well, there was nothing more to find, and now that the excitement was over, what between the heat, the exertion, and the smell of mummy dust and spices, I felt more dead than alive.

I am tired of writing, and the ship rolls. This letter, of course, goes overland, and I am coming by "long sea," but I

* Doubtless Amenemhat and his wife.—Ed.

† This roll contained the third unfinished book of the history. The other two rolls were neatly fastened in the usual fashion. All three are written by one hand in the demotic character.—Ed.

‡ This accounts for the gaps in the last sheets of the second roll.—Ed.

hope to be in London within ten days after you get it. Then I will tell you of my pleasing experiences in the course of the ascent from the tomb-chamber, and of how that prince of rascals, Ali Baba, and his thieves tried to frighten me into handing over the papyri, and how I worsted them. Then, too, we will get the rolls deciphered. I expect that they only contain the usual thing, copies of the Book of the Dead, but there may be something else in them. Needless to say, I did not narrate this little adventure in Egypt, or I should have had the Boulac Museum people on my track. Good-bye, "Mafish Fineesh," as Ali Baba always said.

In due course, my friend, the writer of the letter from which I have quoted, arrived in London, and on the very next day we paid a visit to an acquaintance well versed in hieroglyphics and demotic writing. With what anxiety we watched him skillfully damping and unfolding one of the rolls and peering through his gold-rimmed glasses at the mysterious characters may well be imagined.

"Hum," he said, "whatever it is, this is not a copy of the 'Book of the Dead.' By George, what's this? Cle—Cle—Cleopatra— Why, my dear Sirs, as I am a living man, this is the history of somebody who lived in the days of Cleopatra! Well, there's six months' work before me here—six months, at the very least!" And in that joyful prospect he fairly lost control of himself, and skipped about the room, shaking hands with us at intervals, and saying "I'll translate—I'll translate it if it kills me, and we will publish it; and, by the living Osiris, it will drive every Egyptologist in Europe mad with envy! Oh, what a find! what a most glorious find!"

And O you whose eyes shall fall upon these pages, see, they have been translated, and they have been printed, and here they lie before you—an undiscovered land wherein you are free to travel!

Harmachis speaks to you from his forgotten tomb. The walls of Time fall down, and, as at the lightning's leap, a picture from the past starts sudden on your view, framed in the gathered darkness of the ages.

He shows you those two Egypts that the silent pyramids looked down upon long centuries ago—the Egypt of the Greek, the Roman, and the Ptolemy, and that other outworn Egypt of the Hierophant, hoary with years, heavy with the legends of antiquity and the memory of long-lost honours.

He tells you how the smouldering loyalty of Khem (Egypt) burnt up before it died, and how fiercely the old Time-consecrated Faith struggled against the conquering tide of Change, that, drawn over by the mystery of Mind, rose, like Nile at flood, and drowned the ancient gods of Egypt.

Here, in his pages, you shall learn the glory of Isis the Many-shaped, the Executor of Decrees. Here you shall make acquaintance with the shade of Cleopatra, that "Thing of Flame" whose passion-breathing beauty shaped the destiny of Empires. Here you shall read how the soul of Charmion was slain of the sword her vengeance smithied.

Here Harmachis, the doomed Egyptian, being about to die, salutes you who follow on the path he trod. In the story of his broken years he shows to you what may in its own degree be the story of your own. Crying aloud from that dim Amenti where to-day he wears out his long atoning time, in the history of his fall, he tells the fate of him who, however sorely tried, forgets his God, his honour, and his country.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE BIRTH OF HARMACHIS; THE PROPHECY OF THE HATHORS; AND THE SLAYING OF THE INNOCENT CHILD.

By Him who sleeps at Abouthis, I write the truth. I, Harmachis, hereditary priest of the Temple, reared by the divine Sethi, aforetime a Pharaoh of Egypt, and now justified in Osiris and ruling in Amenti. I, Harmachis, by right Divine and by true descent of blood King of the Double Crown, and Pharaoh of the Upper and Lower Land. I, Harmachis, who cast aside the opening flower of our hope, who turned him from the glorious path, who forgot the voice of God in hearkening to the voice of woman. I, Harmachis, the fallen, in whom are gathered up all woes as waters are gathered in a desert well, who have tasted of every shame, who by betrayal have betrayed, who in losing the glory that is here have lost of the glory that is there, who am utterly undone—I write, and, by Him who sleeps at Abouthis, I write the truth.

O Egypt! Egypt!—dear land of Khem, whose black soil nourished up my mortal part—land that I have betrayed—O ye Gods!—Osiris!—Isis!—Horus!—ye Gods of Egypt whom I have betrayed!—O ye temples whose pylons strike the sky; ye temples whose faith I have betrayed!—O Royal blood of the Pharaohs of Eld, that yet runs within these withered veins—whose virtue I have betrayed!—O Right divine of Kings betrayed by me!—O Invisible Essence of all Good! and O Fate, whose balance rested on my hand—hear me; and, to the last day of utter doom, bear me witness that I write the truth.

What, then, is a man? He is a feather, but a feather blown by the wind. He is a fire, but a fire born of the fuel. He is a spirit, but a spirit having wings wherewith to sail to either destiny. He may choose the good, and on him doth rest the evil that he does. He is the helm unto the boat of Fate; he is the shadow that goes before the sword; he is the dream that presages the truth. There is no Chance; for man in his hour doth direct the Chance, and as with a stylus doth map upon the tablet of the world the thing that he brought about. So hath the Invisible decreed, and so for ever to ever shall it be. And woe to him who faileth!

Even as I write, beyond the fertile fields, the Nile is running red, as though with blood. Bright before me beats the light upon the far Arabian hills, and bright it falls upon the piles of Abouthis. At Abouthis, within the temples, still do the priests make orison, but me they know no more; still the sacrifice is offered, and the stony roofs echo down the prayers of those who pray. Still from here, from this lone cell within my prison-tower, I, the Word of Shame, watch thy fluttering banners, O Abouthis, flaunting from thy pylon walls, and hear the chants as the long procession winds from sanctuary to sanctuary.

O Abouthis, lost Abouthis! my heart goes out toward thee! For the day comes when the desert sands shall fill thy Holy places! Thy Gods are doomed, O Abouthis! New faiths shall make a mock of all thy Holies, and centurion shall call unto centurion across thy fortress-walls. I weep—I weep tears of blood: for mine is the weakness that brought about these evils and mine for ever is their shame.

Behold, it is written hereafter:—

Here in Abouthis was I born, I, Harmachis, and my father, the justified in Osiris, was High Priest of the Temple of Sethi. And on that same day of my birth was born also Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt. In those fields I passed my youth watching the baser people at their labours and going in and out at will among the great courts of the temples. Of my

¶ The Egyptian Hades or Purgatory.—Ed.

* This, I take it, is a portrait of Amenemhat himself.—Edron.

mother I knew naught, for she died when I yet hung at the breast. But ere she died, so the old wife, Atoua, told to me, she took from a coffer of ivory an uræus* of pure gold and laid it on my brow. And those who saw her do this thing believed that she was distraught of the Divinity, and that in her madness she foreshadowed that the day of the Macedonian Lagide was ended—for Ptolemy Aulêtes (the Piper) then wore the double crown—and that Egypt's sceptre should once again pass to the hand of one of Egypt's true and Royal

race. But when my father, the High Priest Amenemhat, who even then was full of years, for I was his only child and the child of his age (she who was his wife before my mother having been, for what crime I know not, cursed by Sekhet with the curse of barrenness); I say when my father came in and saw what the dying woman had done, he lifted up his hands towards the vault of heaven and adored the Invisible, because of the sign that had been sent. And even as he adored, behold! the Hathors† filled my dying mother with the

Spirit of Prophecy, and she rose in strength from the couch and thrice prostrated herself before the cradle where I lay asleep, the Royal asp upon my brow, and cried aloud—

“Hail to thee, fruit of my womb! Hail to thee, Royal child! Hail to thee Pharaoh that shalt be! Hail to thee God, that shalt purge the land, Divine seed of Nekt-nebf, the Osirian.‡ Keep thou pure, and thou shalt rule and deliver Egypt and not be broken. But if in the hour of trial thou dost fail, then may the curse of all the Gods of Egypt rest upon thee, and the



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

The end of the rope was made fast round my middle, and I was lowered bodily into those sacred depths.

curse of thy Royal forefathers, the justified, who ruled the land before thee, even from the age of Horus; then in life mayest thou be wretched, and after death may Osiris refuse thee, and the judges of Amenti give judgment against thee, and Set and Sekhet torment thee, even till such time as thy sin is purged, and the Gods of Egypt, called by strange names, once more are worshipped in the Temples of Egypt, and the staff of the Oppressor is broken, and the footsteps of the foreigner are swept clean, and the thing is accomplished as thou in thy weakness shalt cause it to be done.”

And when she had spoken thus, the Spirit of Prophecy went out of her, and she fell dead across the cradle where I slept, so that I awoke with a cry.

But my father, Amenemhat, the High Priest, trembled, and was very fearful both because of the words which had been said by the Spirit of the Hathors through the mouth of my mother, and because what had been uttered was treason against Ptolemy. For he knew that if the matter should come to the ears of Ptolemy, Pharaoh would send his guards to destroy the life of the child of whom such things were prophesied. Therefore,

my father shut the doors, and caused all those who were there to swear upon the holy symbol of his office, and by the name of the Divine Three, and by the soul of her who lay dead upon the stones beside them, that naught of what they had seen and heard should pass their lips.

But among the company was the old wife, Atoua, who had been the nurse of my mother, and loved her well; and in these days, though I know not how it hath been in the past, nor how it shall be in the future, there is no oath that can bind a woman's tongue. And so it came about, that by-and-by,

* The sacred snake—symbol of Egyptian Royalty.—Ed.

† The Egyptian *Parce* or Fates.—Ed.

‡ The soul justified in Osiris.—Ed.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

For a moment they wavered, thinking to slay me also, but in the end they passed on, bearing the head of my foster-brother.

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

when the matter had become homely in her mind, and her fear had fallen from her, she spoke of the prophecy to her daughter, who nursed me at the breast now that my mother was dead. This she did as they walked together in the desert carrying food to the husband of the daughter, who was a sculptor; and shaped the pictures of the holy Gods in the tombs that are fashioned in the rock—telling the daughter, my nurse, how great should be her care and love toward the child that should one day be Pharaoh, and drive the Ptolemies from Egypt. But the daughter, my nurse, was so filled with wonder at what she heard that she could not keep the tale locked within her breast, and in the night she awoke her husband, and, in her turn whispered of it to him, and thereby compassed her own destruction, and the destruction of her child, my foster-brother. For the man told his friend, and the friend was a spy of Ptolemy's, and thus the tale came to Pharaoh's ears. Now, Pharaoh was much troubled thereat, for though when he was full of wine he would make a mock of the Gods of the Egyptians, and swear that the Roman Senate was the only God to whom he bowed the knee, yet in his heart was he terribly afraid, as I have learned from one who was his physician: for when he was alone at night he would scream and cry aloud to the great Serapis, who indeed is no true God, and to other Gods, fearing lest he should be murdered and his soul handed over to the tormentors. Also, when he felt his throne tremble under him, he would send large presents to the temples, and ask a message from the oracles, and more especially from the oracle that is at Philæ. Therefore, when it came to his ears that the wife of the High Priest of the great and ancient temple of Aboutis had, ere she died, been filled with the Spirit of Prophecy, and prophesied that her son should be Pharaoh, he was much afraid, and summoning some trusty guards—who, being Greeks, feared not to do sacrilege—he dispatched them by boat up the Nile, with orders to come to Aboutis and cut off the head of the child of the High Priest and bring it to him in a basket.

But as it chanced, the boat wherein the guards came was of deep draught, and the time of their coming being at the lowest ebb of the river, it struck and remained fast upon a bank of mud that is opposite the mouth of the road that runs across to the plains of Aboutis, and as the north wind was blowing very fiercely, it was like to sink. Thereon the guards of Pharaoh called out to the common people who laboured at lifting water along the banks of the river, to come with boats and take them off; but, seeing that they were Greeks of Alexandria, the people would not, for the Egyptians love not the Greeks. Then they cried that they were on Pharaoh's business, and still the people would not, asking what was the business. Whereon a eunuch among them who had made himself drunken in his fear, told them that they came to slay the child of Amenemhat, the High Priest, of whom it was prophesied that he should be Pharaoh and sweep the Greeks from Egypt. And then the people feared to stand longer in doubt, but brought boats, not knowing what might be meant by the map's words. But one there was among them—a farmer and an overseer of canals—who was a kinsman of my mother's and had been present when she prophesied; and he turned and ran swiftly for three parts of an hour, till he came to where I lay in the house that is without the north wall of the great temple. Now, as it chanced, my father was away in that part of the Place of Tombs which is to the left of the large fortress, and Pharaoh's guards, mounted on asses, were hard upon us. Then the messenger cried to the old wife, Atoua, whose tongue had brought about the evil, and told how the soldiers drew near to slay me. And they looked at each other, not knowing what to do; for, had they hid me, the guards would not have stayed their search till I was found. And the man, gazing through the doorway, saw a little child at play.

"Woman," he said, "whose is that child?"

"It is my grandchild," she answered, "the foster-brother of the Prince Harmachis; the child to whose mother we owe this evil case."

"Woman," he said, "thou knowest thy duty, do it!" and he again pointed at the child. "I command thee, by the Holy Name!"

And she trembled exceedingly, because the child was of her own blood; but, nevertheless, she took the boy and washed him and set on him a robe of silk and laid him on my cradle. And me she took and smeared with mud to make my fair skin darker, and took my garment from me, and set me to play in the dirt of the yard, which I did right gladly.

Then the man hid himself, and presently the soldiers rode up and asked of the old wife if this were the dwelling of the High Priest Amenemhat? And she told them yea, and bade them enter, and offered them honey and milk, for they were athirst.

Thereafter the eunuch that was with them asked if that were the son of Amenemhat who lay in the cradle; and she said "Yea—yea," and began to tell the guards how he would be great, for it had been prophesied of him that he should one day rule them all.

Thereon the Greek guards laughed, and one of them, seizing the child, smote off his head with a sword; and the eunuch drew forth the signet of Pharaoh as warrant for the deed and showed it to the old wife, Atoua, bidding her tell the High Priest that his son should be a King without a head.

And as they went one of their number saw me playing in the dirt and called out that there was more breeding in yonder brat than in the Prince Harmachis; and for a moment they wavered, thinking to slay me also, but in the end they passed on, bearing the head of my foster-brother, for they loved not to murder little children.

But, after a while, the mother of the dead child returned from the market-place, and when she found what had been done she and her husband would have slain Atoua the old wife, her mother, and given me up to the soldiers of Pharaoh; but my father came in likewise and learned the truth, and he caused the man and his wife to be seized by night and hid away in the dark places of the Temple, so that none saw them more.

But I would to-day it had been the will of the Gods that I had been slain of the soldiers and not the innocent child.

And thereafter it was given out that the High Priest Amenemhat had taken me to be as a son to him in the place of that Harmachis who was slain of Pharaoh.

(To be continued.)

The Fishmongers' Company and the Skinners' Company have each sent 100 guineas to the fund being collected for the extension of Bedford College, London, for Women, and the building of new laboratories for women-students.

Mr. Goschen, in a letter to a correspondent, denies that the Government have given instructions to surveyors of taxes to make up by greater stringency of collection the amount which is lost to the revenue through the reduction of the income tax from sevenpence to sixpence.

At the annual meeting of the governors of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, held at Cannon-street Hotel, the report was of a highly satisfactory nature, and the income had largely increased, principally owing to contributions amounting to £8000 having been received at the annual dinner.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1888, WESTGATE-ON-SEA.

Clear breaks the day
Upon the pulsing sparkle of a sea
Whence, in the night, has softly stolen away
The little fleet of sails that round the bay
Has hovered all the Eve. . . . Tranquillity
Has vanished with them, and a swift wind blows
Fresh from the north; and lo! our winter blood,
Stagnant with city fumes, leaps up in flood
Of wrestling life; and as the morning grows
We, pausing on the cliff between the blue
Of heaven and sea (where now a white wing flew
Nearer to God than it may ever know,
Farther from Him than they who stand below),
Laugh for pure rapture, and rejoicing say,
"HE never made a better Christmas Day!"
Ours is the sky, the air, the cliff, the sea,
With none to meddle save the minstrelsy
Of happy birds, who from the fresh-turned earth
Shout as forerunners of the Year's new birth.
Within our view, but soundless as the dead,
Lies Sleepy Hollow—where the ivied red
Of dwellings marks the outline to the bay,
Rose-hued at twilight, there the children play—
And sunsets come that by their very stress
Of beauty thrill our yearning hearts with less
Of joy than pain at their pure loveliness!
"Heaven is so near, and earth so far away,"
We say at eve; but ah! our eager eyes
Alone may cross the golden tract that lies
'Twixt us and it—and closely as we gaze,
The painter's brush outstrips us, and the hues
Flung on that royal canvas change and fuse,
Thrusting on each new brother swift eclipse
E'er yet their names can cross our stammering lips!
Swifter they vanish; now they all are slain,
Gone from the water is the rainbow stain—
God send us such a Noël-tide again!

HELEN MATHERS.

At Windsor Castle the State apartments remain accessible to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays during the absence of the Court.

The Lord Mayor will give a farewell banquet at the Mansion House to Mr. Phelps, the United States Minister, prior to his departure from this country, on his retirement from office.

Mr. E. H. Cully, Professor of Mathematics at Lampeter, has been appointed to succeed the Rev. H. I. Johnson, as headmaster of the Royal Institution School, Liverpool.

The annual festival of the Children's Home and Orphanage, which has its chief offices in Bonner-road, E., was held on Dec. 28 in Exeter Hall, Mr. T. B. Holmes occupying the chair. There was a very large attendance of the friends and supporters of the home, while there were also present a considerable number of the children who are now being befriended by it. Since its commencement about 2300 have been received into the home, and about 1600 have been started in life, after having received its shelter and training. There are now some twelve branches of the work in full operation, in which 780 children are being brought up. Over 500 children are also in attendance at the missions, ragged-schools, and services which are held in connection with the home. Funds are urgently needed by the executive of the institution. Among the speakers were the Rev. Dr. Stephenson (the principal of the institution), the Rev. Burman Cassin, and the Rev. F. Wiseman, who urged the claims of the home upon the public in general. During the evening a choir of the children gave a number of vocal selections, their efforts being supplemented by a capital "military" band provided from their own ranks.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN JANUARY, 1889.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near both Venus and Mars during the early evening hours of the 4th; both planets are to the left of the Moon, and higher, Venus being a little to the left of Mars. The Moon sets this evening at 7h 22m, Mars at 7h 49m, and Venus at 7h 50m. She will be near Saturn during the night common to the 18th and 19th. She will be to the right of the planet during the early evening hours of the 18th, the nearest approach will be about 9 p.m., and after this time she will be to the left of the planet, the interval increasing as the night advances; and she will be near Jupiter on the morning of the 28th, the planet being a little to the left of the Moon. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon	on the 1st	at 8 minutes after	9h in the afternoon.
First Quarter	"	8th " 41 "	midnight.
Full Moon	"	17th " 37 "	5h in the morning.
Last Quarter	"	24th " 57 "	3 " afternoon.
New Moon	"	31st " 10 "	9 " morning.

She is most distant from the Earth on the afternoon of the 12th, and nearest to it on the afternoon of the 28th.

Mercury is an evening star, setting on the 2nd at about the same time as the Sun; on the 6th at 4h 22m p.m., or 16 minutes after sunset; on the 11th at 4h 47m p.m., or 36 minutes after sunset; on the 16th at 5h 17m p.m., or 58 minutes after the Sun; on the 21st at 5h 48m p.m., or 1h 21m after sunset; on the 26th at 6h 15m p.m., or 1h 38m after sunset; and on the 31st at 6h 33m p.m., or 1h 48m after the Sun. He is near the Moon on the 2nd, in ascending node on the 29th, and at his greatest eastern elongation (13 deg. 20 min.) on the 30th.

Venus is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 7h 41m p.m., or 3h 41m after sunset; on the 11th at 8h 11m p.m., on the 21st at 8h 40m p.m., and on the 31st at 9h 7m p.m. She is near Mars on the 2nd, near the Moon on the 4th, and in ascending node on the 31st.

Mars is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 7h 47m p.m., on the 11th at 7h 53m p.m., on the 21st at 7h 59m p.m., and on the 31st at 8h 3m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 4th.

Jupiter rises on the 1st at 6h 46m a.m., or 1h 22m before sunrise; on the 12th at 6h 14m a.m., or 1h 50m before sunrise; on the 22nd at 5h 41m a.m., or 2h 11m before sunrise; and on the 31st at 5h 15m a.m., or 2h 28m before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 28th.

Saturn rises on the 1st at 7h 13m p.m., or 3h 13m after sunset; on the 11th at 6h 39m p.m., or 2h 19m after sunset; on the 21st at 6h 46m p.m., or 1h 19m after sunset; and on the 31st at 5h 3m p.m., or 18 minutes after sunset. He is due south on the 1st at 2h 45m a.m., on the 15th at 1h 47m a.m., and on the 30th at 0h 43m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 18th.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Ninety-Three (from July 7 to Dec. 29, 1888) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

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PEOPLE REAL AND IMAGINARY.

Every man who has reached middle life may have many friends and must have a large circle of acquaintances. Some of the friends will have grown up with him from his boyhood and shared in his pursuits. They are the "old familiar faces," the trusty companions, with whom his best hours have been passed. He has travelled over their minds, to borrow Boswell's expression, and they are acquainted in a like measure with his. Rarely, however, does this knowledge go far below the surface. There are heights and depths, hopes and fears, in a man's nature which he shrinks from revealing to his most intimate friend. The thoughts he broods over in peaceful or sad moments, and the aspirations that form the life of his life are rarely betrayed even in the most unguarded hour. A friendship may be strong enough to stand the stress of all weathers, and yet not sufficiently strong to break down the barrier of reserve which separates spirit from spirit. So true is it that—

Not even the tenderest heart and next our own
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

Acquaintances, however genial and friendly, are still further removed from us. Again and again we meet with them at the club, in trains, or at the dinner-table; we play with them at billiards or lawn-tennis; talk about politics or books, about the affairs of our neighbours of the parish; and this sort of intercourse goes on for years and yet we do not know the people or care strongly about them. "Poor fellow!" we exclaim upon hearing that a friendly acquaintance has lost his wife or his property; but not even his death would prevent us, as Dr. Johnson observed, from eating our dinner that day with as good an appetite as usual. Indeed, we bear the sorrows not of acquaintances only, but of friends, with astonishing fortitude, and this less perhaps from indifference than because we have not imagination enough to realise them. Some cynic has said that a secret but unacknowledged pleasure is felt in knowing that they are worse off than ourselves; but it may be hoped that this is a libel upon friendship.

An acquaintance or a friend is not welcome at all times. We sometimes wish a man away not from any dislike, but because we are not in the mood for his society. We are not unkind at such a time, but merely unsocial; and, moreover, it must be confessed that the best friends can be occasionally provoking, and say irritating things. Even the lover and the husband are not always unwilling to escape from the mistress and the wife.

Imaginary people have many advantages over creatures of flesh and blood. We can often understand them better, and if once we love or like them, the attraction is likely to be permanent. They are with us just when we need their society, and never stay an hour too long. Who does not cherish a warm feeling for Sir Roger De Coverley; for Dr. Primrose and his delightfully foolish wife; for Parson Adams; for Uncle Toby; for Don Quixote and for Sancho Panza? The shyest man can enjoy the society of the most delightful women in the world. Rosalind and Beatrice will be merry with him. Perdita will bring flowers for remembrance; Juliet will reveal the warmth and tenderness of first and passionate love; Miranda, "the top of admiration," its divine purity; while Cordelia, most loving of daughters, will show him "how divine a thing a woman can be made." Then there are plenty of nice women who belong perhaps more to every day life than Shakspeare's. I own to a great liking for Sophia Western and her muff, and regret that so faithful a girl had not a better lover. I delight in Jane Austen's women—in the liveliness of Emma Woodhouse "handsome, clever, and rich," in the courageous and independent spirit of Elizabeth Bennet, in the winsome gentleness of Fanny Price, in the "dancing spirits" of Catherine Morland. Miss Burney's Evelina, too, is "a jolly girl;" and when I recall Jeanie Deans and Di Vernon and Flora Mac-Ivor and Rebecca, I am reminded that Scott has created a world of good society and of "people one would like to have met" second only to that of Shakspeare. Scott's ladies and gentlemen, his heroes and heroines, are only in rare instances among his best characters. His Queens Elizabeth and Mary of Scots, his James I., his Louis XI., and his Richard I. live more distinctly in his pages than in the historian's; but his pictures of homelier people are more attractive, and I would rather spend an evening with the "Antiquary," and Dandie Dinmont and Bailie Jarvie, with Jingle George and Rob Roy, or with folk like Mause Headrigg, and Dalgetty, Mrs. Dods and Dominie Sampson, than with the finest society in the world. And what capital companionship may be found in Pickwick and Sam Weller, in Copperfield and Betsy Trotwood, and in other figures that play their amusing parts on the crowded canvases of Dickens! Then come Thackeray's Becky Sharp and Colonel Newcome, and George Eliot's Amos Barton, Adam Bede, Dinah, Silas Marner, and Maggie Tulliver, and Charlotte Brontë's Paul Emanuel, and Hawthorne's Miss Hepzibah and Zenobia, and Trollope's bevy of fair women, with scores of imaginary people besides, whose company helps us to spend cheerful hours and to soothe weary ones. I think the most poetically imaginative conceptions give the greatest pleasure. There must be humanity indeed, and reality, for such an exquisite creation as Fouqué's "Undine" stands alone in romance; but there must not be the minute realism, so common in our day, that dissects instead of describing. The novelist has nothing to do with anatomy; and if his characters need the surgeon's knife, they are too diseased for a person of healthy instincts to choose as companions.

What strange power is this that enables us to talk and laugh and possibly to cry with people who live only in print? Why is it that we like to escape from the real world of love-making and weddings, money-making and funerals, to live in this world of imagination? Is it not that there we have no cast wind to ruffle our temper, no pain to make us shrink, no sky that is not cloudless, no scene that does not attract? There, we have neither letters to write, nor bills to pay, nor unpleasant duties to fulfil. There we can make love with no risk of a breach of promise case, and may adore other men's wives without breaking any commandment. In that happy land of fancy we renew our youth and forget the wrinkles Time has written on our brow; seated in an arm-chair we can go through the most exciting adventures, earn immeasurable wealth, or win a victory over the stoutest foe. To live always among the creations of romance-writers is to live a vain and foolish life; but when the brain grows weary and the heart sick, and the mental atmosphere is obscured by fog, a few hours spent in this happy region will be found of benefit alike to body and soul.

Colonel J. Farquharson, R.E., has been appointed Chief of the Ordnance Survey in Ireland.

The preachers on Sundays in Westminster Abbey for January will be as follow:—On Sunday, the 6th (Epiphany), at ten a.m. in choir, the Rev. E. M. W. Lund, Vicar of St. Mary's, Liverpool; Sunday, the 13th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Rev. E. Price; Sunday, the 20th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Rev. J. S. Thomas, Bursar of Marlborough College; Sunday, the 27th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton; Archdeacon Farrar as Canon in Residence preaching on each day at three p.m. in choir.

THE ENGLISH IN TANGIERS.

In spite of its Oriental appearance, Tangiers has only been definitely the property of the Emperors of Morocco during the last two centuries, and it has the distinction of being one of the very few places which England has abandoned after once possessing. The Moors and the Portuguese fought over the city with varying success for many years, until at last, in the year 1471, Alonzo V., King of Portugal, finally took the place and it became a possession of the Portuguese Crown. Nearly two centuries afterwards, when Charles II. of England married Catherine of Braganza, the town of Tangiers was ceded to England as part of the dower of the Portuguese Princess, in 1662. There seems to have been considerable doubt in the minds of the King's advisers as to what had best be done with the new acquisition; but Lord Sandwich was very strongly in favour of the town being fortified as a protection to English commerce, and remarked that if our great trade rivals—the Dutch—had it they would build a mole and utilise the place in every possible way for the extension of their trade. His Lordship was, therefore, sent out to take possession; but at first it seemed that he would have no easy task, for the Portuguese Governor was very unwilling to surrender his trust to the heretic English, and threatened to resist the transfer; but just before Lord Sandwich's arrival, the Governor, most of his chief officers, and a large body of troops were cut to pieces by an ambush of Moors beyond the walls of the city, and the inhabitants were so terrified at the thought of falling into the hands of their natural enemy that they welcomed the English forces as saviours and deliverers.

Unfortunately, instead of becoming a seventeenth-century Gibraltar, Tangiers was from the first a hotbed of drunkenness and corruption. Commissioners utterly ignorant of Tangiers or the East were appointed in London; and amongst them was Mr. Samuel Pepys, of "Diary" renown, whose commission was signed, through the influence of his patron, Lord Sandwich, in 1662. On Jan. 30 in that year, Henry, second Earl of Peterborough, entered Tangiers as first English Governor; but he was recalled before the end of the year, and the Earl of Teviot was made Governor and Captain-General on Dec. 15. The Earl of Teviot seems to have been the best and most energetic Governor the town ever had, for he built Fort Charles and Fort Monmouth, outside Tangiers, and began the great mole for the convenience of the shipping in the harbour. The contract for the work was signed on March 30, 1663, at thirteen shillings per cubic yard; and, owing to the insufficient appliances which the engineers had at their command, was carried on under considerable difficulties, for the waves often washed away the works and made it a hard matter to secure the foundations. The mole took over twelve years to construct, and was a magnificent piece of work, being 30 yards broad, and from 300 to 350 yards long; but it was built only to be destroyed, and as a fine example of the waste of English money is fully entitled to rank with the fortifications of Corfu and the Suakin-Berber Railway. Unfortunately for Tangiers, the Earl of Teviot and nineteen of his officers were killed in May, 1664, during one of the numerous skirmishes with the Moors, by an ambush in the thick woods near the town, and Lord John Bellasis, who appears to have been a corrupt officer, was appointed Governor. On April 18, 1665, Mr. Pepys was made Treasurer to the Tangiers Committee, and as he also had the privilege of victualling the town he, no doubt, made a very excellent thing of his appointment. He was not the only famous personage connected with the English occupation of Tangiers, for two other men well known, though in widely different fashion, were residents in the place: good Bishop Ken being at one time Chaplain to the Garrison, and the notorious Colonel Kirke, who by his tyranny and corruption was qualifying even then for Macaulay's denunciation of him, being the last Governor of the place.

In 1680 Tangiers was besieged by the Emperor of Morocco. The outer line of fortifications was at that time very weak and out of repair, but inside it were twelve strong forts armed with good guns. Charles II. applied to Parliament for money to defend his possession, but the House of Commons demurred, and expressed the opinion that Tangiers was neither more nor less than the nursery of a Papistical army, and a hotbed of Popish practices; they further declared that they would vote the money when they were satisfied that the Governor of the town was a good Protestant, but not till then. In spite of this refusal of money, and the consequent difficulties in which the Governor was involved, the Moors were unable to take Tangiers, although they harassed the garrison extremely and convinced many people of the absolute worthlessness of the place to England. Then the Earl of Ossory, son of the Duke of Ormond, was appointed Governor and Captain-General of the Forces, in the hope that his reputation would be destroyed by the hopeless and unworthy nature of the business he was commanded to undertake; but he died before sailing for Africa.

At last, as Tangiers seemed to be of no practical use, and as no money was to be had for its defence and proper maintenance, the Government came to the resolution to abandon the place; so in August, 1683, Lord Dartmouth was nominated Captain-General of his Majesty's Forces in Africa and Governor of Tangiers, and, with Mr. Pepys in his train, set out with a fleet of twenty sail to destroy the town and harbour. The voyage lasted a month, and on Sept. 17 Lord Dartmouth and Mr. Treasurer Pepys arrived at Tangiers, where they found Colonel Kirke in command. Even then it was by no means decided what line of action should be taken, and there were conflicting opinions as to the value of the town. Some good authorities were very strongly against the evacuation, and held that if the town and harbour were properly fortified and equipped they would be invaluable to British shipping and give our trade a secure foothold in the Mediterranean. Unfortunately, other counsels prevailed, and the result was that the harbour of Tangiers became a nest of pirates, from which issued those terrible corsairs that became a terror and a scourge to Christendom for many years afterwards. It took Lord Dartmouth six months to blow up and destroy the mole which had been built with so much labour and at such a vast expenditure of English money, and a great part of the harbour was choked up with the rubbish. Even now the foundations are visible at low-water, and in squally weather a line of breakers marks where the mole extended into the sea. The fortifications of the town were also destroyed, and the strongholds rendered of as little value as possible to the future owners, and then, on March 5, 1684, the English flag was hauled down after flying for a little more than twenty-two years over the city, and Lord Dartmouth and Pepys abandoned the place to the Moors, embarking on board their ships without the loss of a man. The Sultan Muley Ismail took possession of the town, and from that time forward, until it sank into its present state of insignificance, it rivalled Salee and Algiers as a piratical stronghold.

During our occupation of Tangiers the town appears to have been a sink of corruption and vice. The garrison quartered there was a worthy prototype of our army in Flanders, and both officers and men died from the effects of the climate and drinking neat spirits. But what primarily caused its evacuation was the suspicion of the House of Commons that the place was a nursery for a Popish army, and so in consequence of this determination to withstand Rome and its works, even in Tangiers, a town was abandoned that would have become of inestimable value to England and English commerce, and the possession of which would have saved an enormous waste of men, ships, and treasure in the eighteenth century. With the capture of Gibraltar we regained what we had cast away—the key of the Mediterranean—and have consequently been content to see our former possession in the hands of a dying Mussulman power. But it can by no means be a matter of indifference to us that Tangiers should fall into the grasp of a rival European Government, thus weakening our hold on the Straits: and therefore it is quite possible that the abandonment of Tangiers more than two hundred years ago may cause us serious inconvenience in the near future.

SOUTH WALES SILVER-WEDDING GIFT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The gift of South Wales and Monmouthshire to the Prince and Princess of Wales, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, was presented at Marlborough House, on Saturday, Dec. 15, on behalf of the subscribers, by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of the county of Monmouth. It is a circular shield of solid and massive silver, divided and sub-divided by caneiform spandrels and medallions. The centre equestrian figure represents King Henry VII., first of the Royal Line of Tudor. His figure, in high relief, is clad in the armour of the period, in his right hand a pennon with the dragon of Wales flying, and on his left arm a shield with the arms of Wales. Over this is a medallion portrait of King Henry V., "Harry of Monmouth," whose widow, Princess Catherine of France, married Owen



SOUTH WALES SILVER SHIELD, PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THEIR SILVER WEDDING.

Tudor. Below is a medallion portrait of Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scotland, ancestress of the Stuart Kings of England, and, in the female line, of the House of Brunswick now reigning. To the right is a bas-relief of the Hirlas horn, presented by Henry VII. to a gentleman of Cardigan-shire; to the left is the ancient gateway of Monmouth, which still exists, and in a room attached to which Henry V. was born; his cradle is still preserved, and is in the possession of the Duke of Beaufort. The spaces between the medallions are occupied by the two ancient Cathedrals of South Wales, Llandaff and St. David's, and the Castles of Pembroke and Raglan—the latter so gallantly defended by the brave Welsh garrison for King Charles I. The smaller interstices contain the genuine Welsh harp, leaning against a rock, and the aboriginal goat of Wales—the dragon and the leek filling up the remaining spaces. The border still further illustrates the national history, being composed of the rose united with the leek, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland. The Prince of Wales's feathers are displayed over them. The border is further ornamented with tablets bearing Welsh inscriptions, shields with the four lions of Wales, and the names of all the counties, inscribed in Welsh. Mr. Meilo Griffith, a Welsh sculptor of much talent, is the designer and modeller of this shield.

Returns just made to the War Office show that, though considerable efforts have during the year now closing been made to increase the reserve of horses for Army purposes, the stock of animals actually trained as cavalry troopers has not been augmented during the past twelve months. At the beginning of this year it was reported that during 1887 a thousand horses had been added to the cavalry requirements, and this addition has been maintained; but the present stock of trained and training animals is still not sufficient to mount two-thirds of the men.

A special children's service was held on Dec. 28 at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in commemoration of Innocents' Day. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, and Canon Eliot officiated. The service consisted of some quaint old Christmas carols and hymns sung by the children, appropriate prayers, and a short address.—On the same day Dean Bradley preached to the children assembled in Westminster Abbey for the usual observance of Innocents' Day. He devoted his remarks to the life of Edward the Confessor, who built the original Abbey at Westminster, and had it consecrated on that day.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The year 1888 ends as it began with Boulanger as the great political figure and enigma, and one of the first events of 1889 will be a Boulangist manifestation; on Jan. 27 there will be an election of a Deputy at Paris and the General is already a candidate. What at the present moment is the exact position of the General it is hard to say. The Conservatives, it is said, are not so strongly Boulangist as they were a few weeks ago, and the Comte de Paris is supposed to regret his preceding declarations. On the other hand, does there exist really a Boulangist party, indifferent alike to Monarchism and Bonapartism, and desirous of preserving the Republic with new men at the helm and a new course? This question none can answer squarely; we shall have to wait patiently until the great elections. Meanwhile, we may look forward early in January to the annual Ministerial crisis. On the question of revision on the scrutin de liste the Opportunists will try to overthrow the Floquet Cabinet, so as to deprive it of the prestige which it would acquire should it have the luck to triumph over Boulangism. The champion of the Opportunists would be M. Challemlacour, and their policy that developed by M. Ferry in a recent speech, in which he accused the Radicals of being the cause of all the misfortunes of the Republic, and made certain advances to the Conservatives, which the latter, by-the-way, have refused to meet. On the whole, the year ends peacefully; the Budget has been voted without any hitch; and on New Year's Day the Ministers will receive those official congratulations which a Minister rarely receives twice since the Republic has been established.

Paris is now wholly absorbed in the purchase and reception of New Year's gifts. The flower-shops are besieged; the sellers of bonbons cannot manufacture enough sweets or enough bags to put them in; for miles and miles the boulevards and the main avenues of the capital are lined with booths for the sale of toys and all kinds of useless and useful objects comprised under the very elastic name of *étrennes*. It is truly a strange spectacle, especially at night, when all the booths are lighted and the thick crowd strolls along slowly listening to the cries of the fairmen evangelising their wares. The popular toys of the year are all mechanical—a little dog that jumps when you press a caoutchouc ball attached to his body by a pipe which forms a string; cook-boys, bakers, ostrich carriages, all moving by a spring winder; duellists and dancers set in motion likewise by a spring. The price of these toys varies from 4d. to 9d., and there are more than three hundred manufactories in Paris where they are made. On the boulevards, between the Madeleine and the Bastille, nearly a thousand booths have been erected this year, and if the weather continues favourable each salesman may hope to clear a profit of from £10 to £16. The total sale of toys in Paris during the Christmas and New Year's season has been calculated to exceed £400,000.

At the theatres we have had at the Porte-Saint-Martin a revival of the elder Dumas's historical drama "Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge." The piece is very well put on the stage, but in itself it is old-fashioned and very much wanting in interest. At the Renaissance, "Isoline," a fairy tale in three acts and ten tableaux, by Catulle Mendès, music by André Messager, forms a very novel and charming spectacle: it is a series of delicate poems, connected by a thread of plot, the whole constituting, as it were, a set of poetical variations on Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," accompanied by delicate music and interpreted by beautiful women dressed in fairylike costumes. Apropos of the "Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," it is curious to note that when first played, in 1847, it preceded only a few months the Revolution of 1848; when revived in 1870 it was the preface of the Revolution of Sept. 4. One of the features of this drama is the famous "Chant des Girondins": the plot turns on the conspiracy formed to save Marie Antoinette, and known as the conspiracy of the red pink. The red pink, it will be remembered, is the emblem of General Boulanger.

Prado has been executed in presence of the usual crowd of noctambulists, street-walkers, and disreputable characters of all kinds. Truly, one fails to see the usefulness of public executions.

Lady Lytton presided, the other day, over the inauguration of the Victoria Home for Aged Women of the English colony in Paris. The Ambassadors did not make a speech, but contented herself with declaring the home to be deliciously comfortable, and wishing its inhabitants all possible prosperity. The inmates of the home must be Englishwomen, over sixty-five years of age, resident in France at least thirty years, and possessing an income of £12 a year for their personal expenses. The new home has already seventeen inmates. T.C.

The Duke of Westminster has presented to the Public Gallery of Melbourne, Victoria, Turner's picture of "Dunstanborough Castle." It will be remembered that he contributed largely to the Loan Collection of Works of Art formed by the Royal Commission for the Melbourne Exhibition.

Prince Albert Victor, patron of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, has received the following letter from Sir H. Ponsonby, dated Osborne, Dec. 20:—"I am commanded by the Queen to assure your Royal Highness that it has given her Majesty much pleasure to accede to your request, and that the Queen will be happy to send a donation of fifty pounds to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society."

The following account of the recent tour of Captain Grombchevsky in the Western Himalaya was given by the secretary at the recent meeting of the Russian Geographical Society:—"This expedition to the Khanates of Kunjout and Raskoun was organised by the society. Captain Grombchevsky, who had been long attached to the staff in Turkestan, left Margilan in July with five men and a Persian interpreter. He travelled by Hai and Lake Karakul on the Pamir. To his great surprise he met on the Murghab a party of Chinese Kirghiz. On proceeding further south, and reaching Afghanistan, he learnt in Wakhan that a detachment of Afghan cavalry had been ordered to leave Kila Pauj to seize him. He avoided this pursuit by taking refuge on Chinese territory, which he reached by the Djarket Pass. He then passed, probably by the Kilik Pass, into the territory of the Khan of Kunjout, and explored unknown regions. Captain Grombchevsky was very cordially received by Sirdar Ali Khan in the town of Khunsa or Baltit; but he did not think it prudent to prolong his stay in that country, and continued his journey. He then went as far as Raskoun, where he also met Chinese Kirghiz. His furthest point was within five days' march of the Karakoram Pass, but either the bad faith or the ignorance of his guides compelled him to turn back. The expedition returned to Ferghana by the Gill or Pill Pass."



TANGIERS DURING THE ENGLISH OCCUPATION IN 1670.

TWO ASPECTS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

The great age of Queen Elizabeth and of the first James was as remarkable for the words uttered as for the deeds done. Indeed, the union of noble achievement and noble literature has seldom been so prominent in English history. Some of the heroes of that day—Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh, for example—were as familiar with the pen as with the sword; and Spenser, who lived in the loveliest world of imagination ever conceived by poet, was also a man of affairs. Little as we know of Shakespeare, the most imaginative and capacious intellect of which this island, and probably the world, can boast, we can readily gather from his works that his practical sagacity and sound worldly sense were as remarkable as his poetical genius. The more we think of those days the more worthy of study do they appear. The stirring events of the time are not to be surpassed in interest; and the age that produced Spenser and Shakespeare, Bacon and Hooker, and the incomparable version of the Bible—in itself a great literature—stands without a rival in the history of English letters.

There is one feature of our poetical literature, between the accession of Elizabeth and the death of James I., which has a special interest when contrasted with the poetry of a later period. In the sixteenth century, and through a great portion of the seventeenth, almost every poet worthy of the name could sing; in the eighteenth century the English voice of song was mute. Shakespeare, who excelled in everything he attempted, is the most delicious of song-writers. It must have been of this faculty alone that Milton was thinking when he praised "his native wood-notes wild." In his snatches of song there is spontaneity, freshness, the sweetest music, the most radiant fancy. He seems to sing because he must, and not because it is his business to write lyrics. And this exquisite art, which looks so like nature that we forget it is an art at all, is seen also in Ben Jonson, despite his "learned sock"; in Fletcher, who as a singing-bird almost vies with Shakespeare; in Webster and Ford, and in the minor poets of the day. Among these poets are many with the most sensitive ears for musical sound, whose names are unknown, or who, if they have a name, are unfamiliar to all but the careful students of Elizabethan poetry. Mr. Bullen has done splendid service for literature in giving new life to many an old singer whose voice has long been silent, and his delightful volume, "Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books," is like a poetical revelation. I am too fond of living in the present century to wish that I had lived three hundred years ago, but I can well imagine the delight of listening to words like these, sung to the harpsichord, in an age when song and music were joined together, and when the charm of the poet's words was as indispensable as the musician's instrument. In this respect we are far behind the age of Dowland and Campion, for, so long as the music is effective, it matters little now to the singer whether the words of a song are poetry or nonsense; and it is to be feared that half the singers of our day do not recognise the difference. They knew it well in the earlier days, when Barnfield wrote the sonnet, long attributed to Shakespeare, beginning with the lines—

If music and sweet poetry agree—
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.

The sweetest lyrics of Elizabeth's great age are from Shakespeare's pen; next to these in beauty are, perhaps, three or four by Fletcher (twin-dramatist with Beaumont), who has the same felicitous art of making sweet music with no apparent effort. Shakespeare sings—

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it!
My path of death, no one so true
Did share it.

And Fletcher (or possibly Beaumont) touches the same theme with a yet happier hand—

Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew:
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth,
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

There is a lovely lyric, too, by Fletcher in praise of "Sweetest Melancholy," and to him we are also indebted for the song quoted by Shakespeare:—

Take, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn.

Ben Jonson is Fletcher's rival as a singer. His robust intellect and somewhat pedantic tendencies were no impediments to the exercise of a noble fancy, and the little volume that holds his lyrics is of the choicest value. "Drink to me only with thine eyes" is one of the few Elizabethan songs still sung in the drawing-room, and so, I believe, is "Queen and huntress chaste and fair." "Still to be neat, still to be drest," has also its measure of popularity. The second verse is charming:—

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

This reminds one of Herrick, another exquisite lyricist, who was a young man when Shakespeare died, and whose verse consists almost wholly of short bursts of song. He, too, like his master "Saint Ben," loves a sweet disorder in the dress, likes an erring lace, a cuff neglectful, ribbons flowing confusedly, and what more the poet shall say in his own words:—

A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

It would be absurd to say that the "Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age," collected by Mr. Bullen, are equal to the finest we have mentioned. Dowland is not to be classed with Ben Jonson, or Campion with Fletcher; but these men, as well as their brother poets who appear in the anthology, were one and all genuine singers. Their songs are music, and the notes have the consummate art which appears to be spontaneous and artless.

Up to the end of the seventeenth century we can listen, though less frequently, to this sweet music of song. Wither has it in goodly measure; Carew, Suckling, and Lovelace have it; and there are echoes of it in Dryden, who died in 1700. From that date for many a year our poets were chiefly satirical or didactic, and the art of singing appeared to be lost. Pope, Addison, Prior, Young, Thomson, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, and Akenside, whatever their poetical gifts may be, have not the signal merit that distinguishes the Elizabethans; and Crabbe and Cowper, the heralds of a new era, suffer from the same deficiency. They cannot sing. In Scotland, it need scarcely be said, it was far otherwise; but I think I am right in asserting

that the only English poet in the eighteenth century who caught the lilt of song so familiar to Elizabethan ears was the mad artist William Blake; and yet, if Blake has the simplicity of the old poets who uttered "the precious music of the heart," he has not their exquisite sense of fitness, and his notes are too often like "sweet bells jangled."

How it came to pass that the voice of song died out in the last century, and that in the early years of the present age it was again distinctly heard, is a question that cannot be lightly answered in a paragraph. Enough that we have that music once more in rich abundance, and that from Coleridge to Lord Tennyson there are few poets of mark who have not also been singers. Shelley's voice is almost wholly one of song; Scott, the most imaginative writer since Shakespeare, knew nothing of music; yet is he often musical, and the spontaneity of the lyrical poet has rarely been displayed more delightfully than in the four stanzas beginning—

Proud Maisie is in the wood
Walking so early.

Of living poets—and especially of the Laureate whose ear has been educated to the most delicate harmonies—I must say nothing now, for my space is exhausted. Enough if a few readers are prompted by these incomplete words to test their correctness for themselves. The treasury of English poetry, assuredly the wealthiest in the world, can never be opened for any purpose without giving to the lightest labour of the student an abundant and lasting reward. J. D.

VICTORIA COFFEE AND COCOA HOUSE, LEICESTER.

The Duchess of Rutland, on Thursday, Dec. 20, opened the new building in Granby-street, Leicester, erected by the Leicester Coffee and Cocoa House Company (Limited), for the



THE VICTORIA COFFEE AND COCOA HOUSE, LEICESTER.

advancement of temperance. This company, of which Mr. J. H. Williams is chairman, was formed in 1877, and has established thirteen houses of the same kind in the town. The one in Granby-street, originally in a building which had been a warehouse, has been very successful, its receipts last year exceeding £6000. The new building, designed in the style of the French Renaissance, has a frontage of 48 ft. The height to the vane on the top of the turret is about 120 ft. The front is faced with Stanton stone, with polished Aberdeen granite in the entrances. Above the second floor level the building takes an octagonal form, with flanking turrets at the angles. The ground-floor portion of the front is recessed, so as to form an area, giving access from the outside to the basement. The entrance-hall is paved with granite and marble. It leads to a commodious and well fitted-up room, 65 ft. long and 49 ft. wide. This is the general or third-class refreshment-room, in which smoking will be allowed. A dado of coloured tiles runs round the room; above is a patent wall covering called anaglypta, which, when coloured, presents a pleasing appearance. The windows are of stained glass, and the room is furnished with small marble tables. Ascending the staircase we find the first-class refreshment-room, which is handsomely fitted in polished oak. Above is another general refreshment-room. The billiard-room contains five full-sized billiard tables, with seats, upholstered in leather, all round the room. It is well lighted from the front and back by windows, and by a skylight. There is the chess and draughts room, octagon in shape, about 28 ft. in diameter. From this room runs a flat, 42 ft. by 32 ft., and 86 ft. above the pavement level, which can be used for drying purposes. In the basement are the boiler, ovens, cooking ranges, for steam cooking; the kitchen measures 33 ft. by 30 ft. The steam-heating apparatus for warming the entire building is placed here. Here are pastry larders, steam chests for cooking purposes, and everything requisite for convenience, cleanliness, and dispatch. Lifts go from the basement to every floor. The sole contractors are Messrs. Kellett and Sons, Leicester; the architect is Mr. Edward Burgess, Berridge-street, Leicester; Mr. S. F. Poyner has superintended the whole of the work. Our illustration is from a photograph supplied by Messrs. J. and T. Spencer, of Leicester.

SKETCHES IN MELBOURNE.

We announce the return to England of our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, whose expedition to Australia commenced a twelvemonth ago; passing "Across Two Oceans," visiting Demerara, Venezuela, the Isthmus of Panama with the works of M. De Lesseps' Ship Canal, and the islands of the West Indies; afterwards travelling through the United States to Canada, and westward, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, through the mountain region of British Columbia; finally crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to Sydney; and who has furnished a great variety of interesting Sketches published during the past year. His Illustrations of the Australian Exhibition opened at Melbourne in August were given in this Journal as promptly as was practicable; those of the ordinary aspects of that greatest of British colonial cities were reserved for later publication, and some of them, with an account of Melbourne and of the colony of Victoria, appeared on Dec. 29. We then referred to the subjects of our present Illustrations—namely, Government House, Melbourne, the magnificent residence erected by the Legislature of Victoria for the official representative of her Majesty the Queen; and the scene at a public auction for the sale of real estate, concerning which latter our Special Artist wrote as follows:—"One of the greatest excitements in Australia, particularly in and about Melbourne just now, is the 'Land Boom,' and auctioneers are making a grand harvest out of it. Everyone here appears to have a perfect mania for the purchase and sale of land; it is the one principal topic of conversation. Messrs. Munro and Bailleau held no less than seven sales in one day, one of which I attended—hence the sketch. The property sold realised £80,000. The excitement is brought about in this manner: when a vendor advertises a tract of ground for sale, it is divided into plots for building purposes; and then women as well as men of all descriptions buy some of the plots before the sale, in the hope that it will be sold for a higher price than they have paid. In one case a man gave £5 a foot frontage for land 150 ft. deep; and when up at auction it went for £9 15s.; he thus cleared £4 15s. a foot without parting with a shilling. It is this kind of business that is driving everyone mad with excitement."

A RUSSIAN TRAVELLER IN THE EASTERN THIEN-SHAN.

M. Krassnoff, who recently explored the above-mentioned region with a mission from the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, read a paper upon his travels at the last meeting of the Paris Geographical Society. He stated that he had visited the southern shores of Lake Balkash, the Ala-Kul Gulf, and the valleys of the Tokess and of Issyk-Kul. He came upon two undiscovered groups of glaciers, those of Fride and of Kolfakuski, in the upper basins of the Sirtass and Kuelu rivers. Finally, he paid a visit to the Chinese city of Utschurfan, in Kashgaria. He pointed out that in the preceding geological epoch the Thien-Shan was covered with large glaciers of much the same dimensions as those in Western Europe; they came down as far as the shores of Lake Issyk-Kul, and covered the high mountain chains between Issyk-Kul, China, and the Altan. The modern glaciers are only insignificant remnants of these, but the nature of the country as it now is, especially the flora, has preserved many of the types which characterise the glacial Nature of Europe, though these types have become very rare in the Alps. M. Krassnoff remarked a very great difference between the flora of the north-western and that of the south-eastern slopes. Upon the former are to be found plants common to Europe, while nothing but bare steppes are met with upon the latter, even at an altitude of nearly 12,000 ft. According to M. Krassnoff, the loess, or yellow earth of China, in Thien-Shan, is the result of the action of rain upon the ice of the glaciers, modified by the dryness of the atmosphere. M. Krassnoff exhibited photographs of the former lakes which had been destroyed, and furnished several proofs of the drying up of Central Asia. This drying up is still going on at a great pace, and villages which were at one time on the shores of Lake Issyk-Kul are now more than 270 yards distant. The flora of the promontories belonging to the preceding epoch has almost entirely disappeared, and its place is taken by the flora of the deserts. But several types of this latter are merely early forms in process of evolution, and M. Krassnoff came upon innumerable forms which were transitory between the ancient species which were still to be found in sheltered and moist spots, and the species which were characteristic of the deserts. M. Krassnoff also noticed upon the rocks rough drawings made by prehistoric peoples, and these drawings prove that at the epoch of the mammoth man already possessed the horse as a domestic animal. The Russian traveller concluded a very interesting paper by making some remarks upon the early customs of the Kirghiz, among others that of venerating certain trees, which must have been of very ancient origin.

EMIGRANTS' INFORMATION OFFICE.

This quarter's circulars, relating to Canada, the Australasian and South African Colonies, have been issued; and a poster, giving a summary, is exhibited in every post-office. Queensland grants free passages to single female servants and selected unmarried agricultural labourers, and Natal grants them to a limited number of small capitalists under special provisions. Western Australia, Queensland, and, under special conditions, the Cape, grant assisted passages, and Western Australia, Queensland, and Natal nominated passages, at reduced rates—mainly to female servants and agriculturists. Farmers with capital and female servants will find openings in all the Colonies, and agricultural labourers in Canada (in the spring), New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, and some districts of New Zealand; while mechanics are only in demand in very few localities, as in the western districts of Canada (in the spring), in Melbourne, especially for those connected with the building trades, and, to a limited extent, in Tasmania. The circulars may be obtained, free of cost, from the office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.; and ten separate hand-books, one for each colony, and each containing a map, at 1d. each, post-free; or, bound together, at 1s. 6d.

The annual congress of Irish National School Teachers was recently held in the Rotunda, Dublin. The report of the committee on amalgamation with the Northern Union of Teachers was submitted and adopted, and the secretary was directed to communicate with the secretary of the Northern Union on the subject. Delegates from England and Scotland addressed the congress: amongst others Mr. Wild, Vice-President of the National Union of Elementary Teachers of England; Mr. Thompson, President of the Educational Institute of Scotland; Mr. Dunlop and Mr. Collins. They conveyed the warm sympathies of the English and Scotch teachers, and were unanimous in condemning the system of payment by results as vicious in principle and bad in practice. Resolutions were passed on the subjects of contingent results, compulsory attendance, the training of teachers, residences, &c.

CHRISTMAS-TREE AT BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

At the Brompton Consumption Hospital Christmas was observed in right festive fashion. The galleries and wards presented a very cheerful appearance, appropriate decorations having been arranged in endless variety by the nurses and patients. Early on Christmas morning a party of the choir and nurses visited the various galleries, and sang a selection of carols; and after the morning service in the chapel the patients enjoyed at dinner Christmas fare of turkeys and plum-pudding. The evening was enlivened by music, singing, and games, the lady superintendent and resident medical officers, with the house physicians and sisters, exerting themselves most energetically in promoting the enjoyment of the inmates. The festivities culminated on Friday night, Dec. 28, in a Christmas-tree, of which a correspondent favours us with the following particulars:—

As the clock struck six we walked into the Concert Hall, already filled with an expectant crowd of patients. Men on one side, women on the other, and children in the front. There were nearly three hundred present, in all stages of consumption, some few being wheeled in on chairs, and the baby of the hospital, radiant with excitement, held a small court, at which everyone present attended. We noticed that the men looked more sedate than the women, yet equally expectant and equally enjoying the bright and cheerful scene.

All eyes were riveted upon an immense fir-tree reaching nearly to the ceiling and having wide-spreading branches, the gift of a lady. It was a giant among trees, its roots being artistically embedded in a bank of snow. It was embellished with coloured-glass lanterns, hundreds of crackers, glazed flags, brilliant balls, and various light articles; but the bulk of the presents was massed up in front of the platform, forming a wall of odd-shaped brown paper parcels. All this time the wall has been growing thicker and higher, and the tree has begun to sparkle with fresh beauty as the lamps one by one were lighted on every bough. At this moment a small pug dog wandered in, and caused much amusement among the children; but this was only for a moment, for from a doorway in the hall, artistically framed in snow, out walked Father Christmas. Bent and bowed with age, clad in a long scarlet cloak trimmed with holly and snow, and with flowing white hair and beard, he slowly hobbled in and out among the patients, eliciting such bursts of merriment as would have made one forget how ill most of them were but for a continual chorus of coughs. Baby was startled out of its equanimity by his appearance, and was more than half inclined to cry; but one of the sisters, ever on the watch, had it in her arms in a moment, soothing and caressing it.

And now the real business of the evening began—viz., the distribution of the presents. This was carried out by ladies and gentlemen, doctors and nurses, and by old Father Christmas himself, who trotted round, with his arms full of parcels, most energetically. It was greatly facilitated by the clearness with which, on each parcel, the name, gallery, and ward of the recipient were written.

We noticed that while the women and girls opened their parcels at once, the men, with few exceptions, waited till they reached the wards before untying theirs; but the happy buzz of talk throughout the room proved how much they all appreciated their presents. In each bundle were more than one gift, and all good; for example, one man had a book, draughts and board, and Christmas cards; another, a set of Jäger garments; the women had flannel dressing-gowns, shawls, work-baskets; and the children, toys and dolls of all kinds;—in fact, every conceivable thing to delight their hearts and eyes.

We asked who bore the expense of all these gifts, and found that they were provided by the lady superintendent, the sisters, and by friends outside the hospital. The few who were too ill to leave their beds had their presents taken to them. One man who was dying told us he had a present and that it consisted of clothes for his three little girls at home, "and they'll just fit them too."

The last act of Father Christmas was to throw snowballs over the hall, and he and his guests had a very merry game. Those who were curious enough to unroll the snowballs found something very nice within. We meanwhile stepped down from the platform and wandered among the patients, to see their happy faces a little closer and have a chat with them. One wee boy, whose sad and striking history is well known to all in the hospital, and whose dreadful language when first admitted earned for him the name of Satan, looked the picture of happiness as he showed us his presents, his favourites being two gaily bordered handkerchiefs, which he called on us to admire.

While the patients were dispersing, we visited the various galleries and the patients who were too ill to get up. The decorations of the galleries and wards were wonderfully well done, all being the work of the patients.

Miss Pitt Taylor offered a prize for the best decoration. For this she selected the Jenny Lind Gallery. It must have been most difficult to decide, for each one was perfect in its way.

Tired as the lady superintendent, secretary, doctors, sisters, and nurses must have been after their tremendous labour, they must have gone to bed thoroughly content with the delight they had given to the sick under their charge.

A Royal Commission has been appointed to carry out a scheme for the colonisation in the Dominion of Canada of crofters and cotters from the Western Islands and islands of Scotland.

Mr. Courtney S. Kenny, M.P., has intimated that, having accepted the office of Reader of English Law in Cambridge University, he cannot represent the Barnsley Division of Yorkshire beyond the duration of the present Parliament.

The Fishmongers' Company have voted £105 to the Lord Mayor's Fund, at the Mansion House, in connection with the forthcoming Metropolitan Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

It is with great pleasure that we call attention to the remarkable work of Professor Raab, one of the most distinguished of contemporary German etchers. He has brought to a conclusion the great task he undertook of reproducing in etching some of the masterpieces of the Munich Gallery—of which so few of the works have been even engraved. The result will place Professor Raab's name on a far higher level than it has hitherto occupied outside his own circle. His touch is clear and firm, and his "colouring" in many instances exceeding rich. Of the fifty etchings which make up this volume it is difficult to single out any for special notice, for all are so good; but we think that Herr Raab is to be seen at his best in such works as Van Dyck's "Due de Croix and his Duchess," and in "The Burgomaster's Wife," Titian's "Charles V.," Raphael's "Madonna and Holy Family," Perugino's "Vision of St. Bernard," Tiepolo's "Adoration of the Magi," and the exquisite work of Francia, "The Madonna in the Rose-garden." The etchings are on view at Mr. E. G. Cundall's Gallery (14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden), where is also to be seen a small collection of pictures by contemporary Dutch and German artists.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

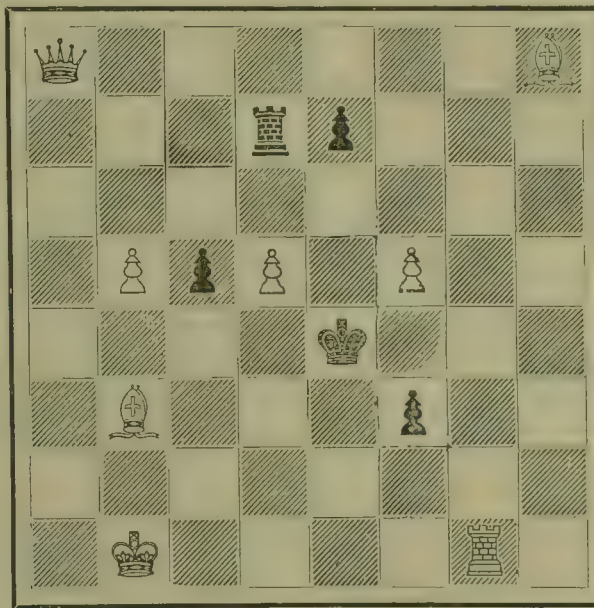
Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
MARTIN F.—Repeat the query to which you refer. Your former communication must have miscarried.
W T PIERCE.—Extremely good. Such compositions are most acceptable.
J AMYGDALIS.—Your three-move problem is marked for insertion, and we hope to find room for it shortly.
P C (The Hague).—The problem shall be examined; in the meantime, send your name and address.
T HUBBLE.—The main play is sufficient.
F N BRAUND.—Many thanks. Any further specimens you may have to spare will be most welcome.
G CHRYWOOD.—We shall be always glad of similar information.
GE BARBIER.—Quite first rate.
T CHOWN.—A pleasing compliment.
PROBLEMS AND GAMES received with thanks from GE Barbier, FN Braund, P C, W Gleave, W T Pierce, H M Pridoux, R Lucas, and J Pybus.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2330 received from Charles Hetherington, J W Shaw (Montreal), Percy Gibbs, E J Gibbs, Howard, G Saint, J. F. Hubble, and F A Franks (Liverpool); of No. 2331 from Coggeshall Chess Club, E Bohnstedt (Berne), A W Hamilton (Gell) (Exeter), A Bleykman (Amsterdam), W H Reed, and John S Moorar (Boulogne); of No. 2332 from A Bleykman, E Bohnstedt, Coggeshall Chess Club, W Von Beverhoudt (York), T G (Ware), Paul Von Szivos (Vienna), F S Moss (Clapham), J Heworth Shaw, G E P, W H Hayton, W H Reed (Liverpool), F J Howitt (Norwich), Rev Winfield Cooper, Aliquis, Ryding Marsh (Brighton), F Hubble, Joseph T Pullen, A Waugh Young, and F Moore.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2333 received from Thomas Chown, R F N Banks, Julia Short (Exeter), J Hepworth Shaw, Howard A, W R Raillem, Dawn, A Newman, Jupiter Junior, G J Veale, W E Cartwright, W Hillier, W H D (Woburn), Martin F, Rev Winfield Cooper, E Phillips, L Desanges, E Sage, R Worters (Canterbury), W Von Beverhoudt, T Roberts, Shadforth, Bernard Reynolds, W Nigel, E J Howitt, Alpha, E Bohnstedt (Berne), H S B (Shooter's Hill), W H Reed (Liverpool), Dane John, R H Brooks, J D Tucker (Leeds), G Saint (Rhabon), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine, E Loudon, C Worral, Dr F St. Aliquis, J T W, J Stanley, James J Coad, E Casella (Paris), and W Wright.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2331.
WHITE.
1. Kt to K Kt 4th
2. Q to K 4th (ch)
3. Mates accordingly.
BLACK.
K moves
K takes Q or Kt

PROBLEM No. 2335.
By E. HALLIWELL.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.
Game played between Messrs. W. T. PIERCE and W. H. S. MONCK.
(Pierce Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	To provide an outlet for his Kt, but this is hardly in consonance with the attacking nature of the defence initiated at move 7.	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. K to Kt 2nd	B takes Kt
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	21. P takes B	Q to K 5th
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th		
5. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 5th		
6. B to B 4th			
P to Q 5th would be bad; for, after P takes Kt, B takes P, Q to B 3rd, &c.			
7. Castles	P takes Kt		
8. P takes P	B to K Kt 5th		
9. R to K sq (ch)	K Kt to K 2nd		
10. Kt to K 4th	B to Kt 2nd		
11. P takes P	Kt to R 4th		
12. B to B sq	B to R 4th		
13. P to B 4th	R to K Kt sq		
14. K to B 2nd	K to B sq		
15. P to Kt 3rd			
It would be dangerous to attempt to win the Knight by P to Kt 4th on account of the exposed position of his King, and the threatened attack by Kt to B 4th.			
16. Kt to B 4th			
After White's preceding move, it is doubtful whether this is Black's best move. B to B 3rd is worth trying.			
17. B to R 3rd (ch)	Kt to Q 3rd		
18. K to K 2nd			
He must either go or be driven to seek safe quarters on the Queen's side.			
19. Q to K 2nd			
A good move, as it prevents White from proceeding on the road to safety (his Q B being undefended), and so ensures the pinning of his Kt.			
20. K to Q 3rd	B to Kt 3rd		
21. K to B 2nd			
Of course if K to B 3rd, Black replies Kt takes Kt (ch).			
22. P to Kt 3rd			

CHESS IN THE NORTH.
Game played in the match between Tyneside and Teesdale against West of Yorkshire.
(Zukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Zollner).	BLACK (Mr. Wright).	WHITE (Mr. Zollner).	BLACK (Mr. Wright).
1. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. B to B 3rd	B to B 3rd
As has been repeatedly pointed out, this move is inferior, as it retards the development of the Q B P. P to Q 4th should be played.		13. Q Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	14. B takes Kt	Kt to Q 4th
3. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	15. Q to K 2nd	B to B 3rd
4. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	16. Kt to K 5th	
5. P to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	White has played well; and Black's position is seriously compromised.	
6. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	17. B takes B	Q to Kt 4th
7. B to Q 2nd	P takes P		
8. B takes P	Castles		
9. Castles	Kt to Q R 4th		
10. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th		
At last this P is released; but two moves of the Kt are lost in order to effect it—valuable time which Black never regains.			
11. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd		

On Dec. 22 a match of twenty-four players a-side between Tyneside and Teesdale versus West of Yorkshire took place at the Prospect Hotel, Harrogate, resulting in favour of the Tyneside representatives by 14 games to 10.

The handicap at Simpson's is rapidly drawing to a conclusion; when we went to press the following were the leading scores: Lee, 10; Bird, 9; Muller, 9; Gibbons, 8; Smith, 7.

A match took place at Liskard on Dec. 20, between the chess clubs of Plymouth and Liskard. Each club was represented by six players, and victory remained in the hands of the Plymouth club, who scored 7½ games to their opponents' 2½. A return match will take place at Plymouth at the end of January.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

A return of the number of animals which are killed yearly in Siberia on account of the value of their furs has recently come under my notice. It seems that at the last summer fair of Irbit, whereat by no means the larger part of the Siberian furs are sold, 3,180,000 skins of squirrels were exposed for sale. The black squirrel furs were notable for a decrease in number. Half a million or so of these latter skins were offered this year at Irbit, as against a million or more in 1887. At the last fair, the blue fox skins numbered 11,000. Marmots contributed 140,000; polecats, 30,000; badgers, 10,000; hares, 1,300,000; and foxes, 2000. Bears and wolves were also fairly represented in the fur-fair.

After reading this account of the fur industry in the Irbit region of Siberia alone, and without extending our glance further afield to include the sales of skins effected in other parts of the world, one is forced to come to the conclusion that the time is by no means far distant when, if scarcity of an article may be regarded as possessing an influence on its value, furs will become veritable treasures. There exist scientific persons who are troubled in spirit over the failure of our coalfields in, say, half a million years or thereabouts. Judging by the rate at which fur-bearing animals are slaughtered, it is tolerably clear our lack of skins will not be delayed by half-millions of years, but rather by half-centuries or so. Taken under human care, bred and nurtured, animals and plants remain among the most valuable of human possessions. Hunted down without regard to breeding seasons, age, or other natural conditions of prosperity, animals soon become extinct.

On some such grounds, we can readily understand how the unmitigated slaughter of humming-birds and other denizens of the air much in demand for the decoration of ladies' hats and fans, has reduced races of animals once plentiful to the state of zoological rarities. Here we may regret alike the cause of the raid upon the bird-creation and the results of the onslaught. Extremes meet; and the frivolities of fashion lay low the hopes, aspirations, and delights of science. The list of animals exterminated by man is a long one. There was a big whale-like animal, a near relative of the manatee or sea-cow, called the Rhytina, which lived on Behring's Island. On this island Behring was wrecked, and the big clumsy Rhytinas, unsuspicious and trustful, were knocked on the head with clubs and killed for food. The result of Behring's visit was, that about 1768 the last Rhytina made its exit from this terrestrial sphere. Then comes the Dodo, a large clumsy bird, once plentiful in Mauritius. It fell a victim to the human taste for fowl, and about the latter part of the seventeenth century the Dodo passed into the "Ewigkeit." A relic of the Dodo is about as rare as an egg of the great auk. Close to the home of this big bird, in the island of Rodriguez, lived the Solitaire, another large fowl, which disappeared in the middle of the eighteenth century. Truly, man acts as a determined exterminator when he lays his mind to the work; and hunger once again appears before us as one of the powers that determine the fate of the animal world.

Stories of cats nursing puppies, and of dogs acting as foster-mothers to their feline neighbours, are by no means rare. Among birds, of course, the hen-mother who hatches out her brood of ducks, and goes "clucking" indignantly and in alarmed fashion by the side of the pond when her progeny take to the water, may be quoted as an example of instinctive affection worth remembering. But Mr. E. G. W. Palmer, in a recent communication on the subject of sympathy among birds, gives a notable instance of such a trait of animal character. Mr. Palmer, who writes in the records of the Linnaean Society of New South Wales, says that "A boy brought in an egg found near a waterhole, which was placed with other eggs under a sitting hen, and in due course hatched out a wood-duck. The wood-duck was reared among a brood of chickens, was as well tended as her other chicks by the mother hen, and reached adult age. On one occasion a hen brought out a brood of chickens, and the wood-duck kept in close companionship with the hen and chicks for several days, until the hen took umbrage at the duck's constant attendance, and several fights between the hen and duck ensued. Eventually the duck drove away the hen, and took sole charge of the chickens throughout the day, the hen following round disconsolately till nightfall each day, when the duck surrendered her charge, allowing the mother to brood over them at night, but again taking charge of them in the morning. This continued till the chickens were able to take care of themselves."

The air has been filled of late days with protests against the system of examinations, which has assumed, as everybody knows, a high prominence in every department of educational life. It was Professor Huxley, I think, who long ago declared that the world was "examination-mad." We have listened to arguments for and against examinations times out of number; but, as in other disputed affairs, is not the prescribed middle course the safest, after all? We certainly could not get along without tests of knowledge, either at school or University—this much is certain; and it is equally true that examinations, as to severity, frequency, and extent, are dreadfully overdone. Then, I fail to notice, amongst all the arguments, any remark regarding examiners and their personality. An examiner, if he is hardly in the poetic position of being "born and not made," is, nevertheless, a kind of special creation, in that only a long experience can fit a man for the work of accurately gauging the knowledge of other people. It is an easy thing to find out what a person does not know; it is a very difficult thing to discover what he does know. I speak feelingly on this matter, having acted as a University examiner and in allied capacities for some ten or twelve years past. One has to serve an apprenticeship to the work of examining, and, as a rule, it is your pedantic personage, who may possess no very deep knowledge of his subject, who contrives to pluck the unfortunate candidates by the score.

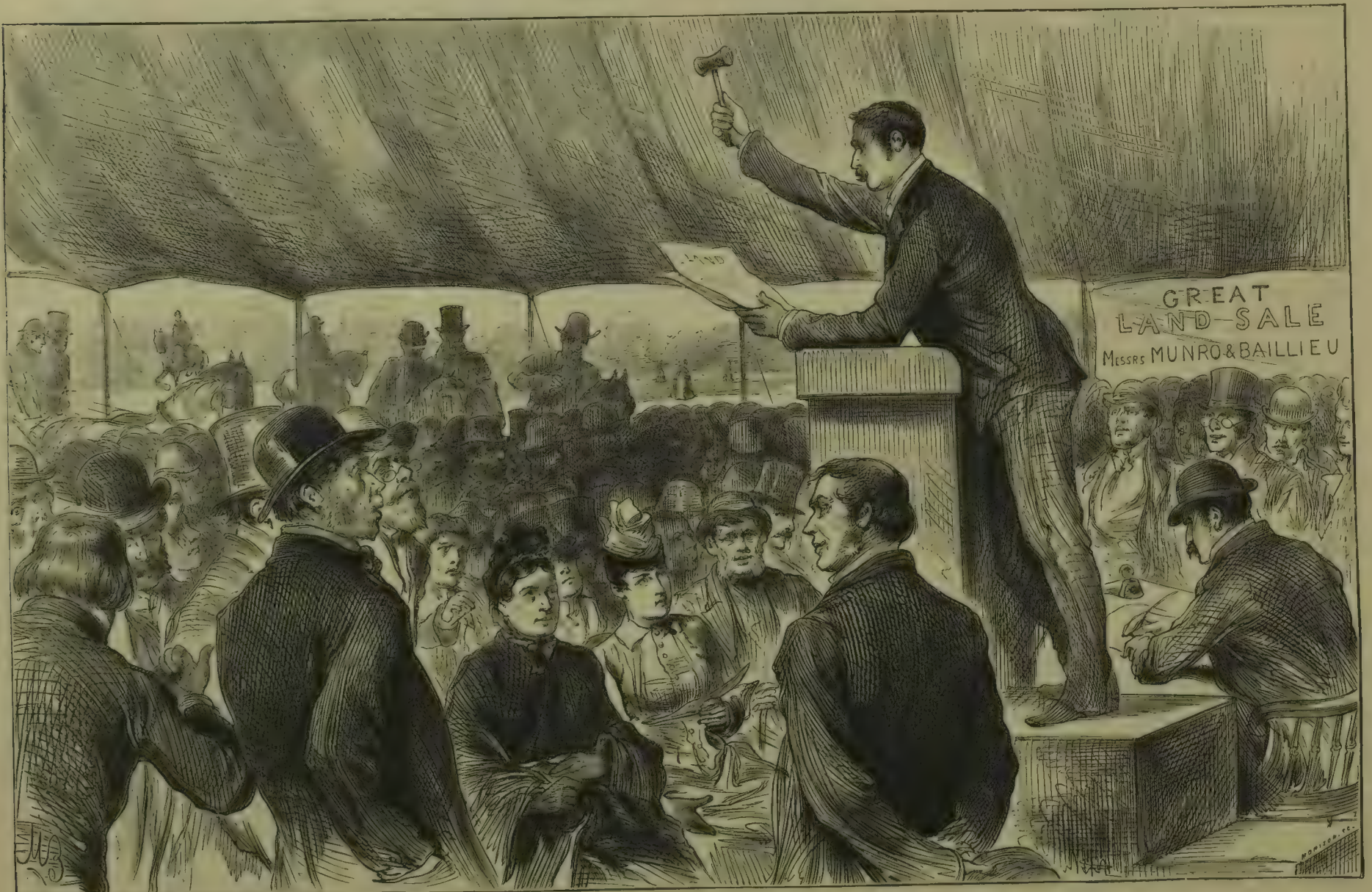
Once upon a time I remember being present at a school examination in physiology. The class was composed of bright, intelligent boys of fourteen or fifteen, who had been well grounded in the elements of the science. The examiner was a bulky Professor, whose voice, coming apparently from his epigastric region, added considerably to the terrors of the *riva voce* trial. "Boy," said the Professor, speaking to a bright lad, "what is the physiology of inspiration?" No reply—the lad staring blankly at his questioner. "Boy, don't you hear me?" shouted the robust scientist; "what is the physiology of inspiration?" No reply still; and the poor lad gazed in blank amazement at the Professor. I mildly interposed at this stage of matters, and suggested that if the examiner would ask the lad "if he knew how he took in a breath?" an answer would be forthcoming. The examiner put his question in a homely way, and got his answer. The moral of this story is too clear for remark.—ANDREW WILSON.

SKETCHES IN MELBOURNE, THE CAPITAL OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.



GREAT LAND SALE AT MELBOURNE.



THE BONE OF CONTENTION: "WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT, HONEST FOLK COME BY THEIR OWN."

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

Nineteenth Century.—"The British Fleet and the State of Europe" will continue to demand serious inquiry, to which the article by Lord Charles Beresford is an important contribution. The Duke of Argyll, still pursuing his line of arguments against a current philosophy, points out some historical instances of "isolation, or survival of the fittest," among which he reckons the unthrifty peasants of the Hebrides and West Highlands. "The Decay of Lying, a Dialogue," by Mr. Oscar Wilde, is an æsthetic condemnation of modern realistic fiction. Under the startling title, "A Thousand more Mouths every Day," Lord Meath descants on the perils of overpopulation. The Hon. Maude Stanley exhibits the plan and rules of the club for working-girls. The establishment of Cathedral record-rooms for documents of local history is recommended by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp. Mr. J. C. Alger notices the conflicting evidence and rumours concerning the remains of James II. interred at St. Germain. "Australian Side-lights on English Politics" are recognised in an article by Mr. Ernest Beckett, M.P. Mrs. Kingscote gives an interesting account of an Indian Brahmin schoolgirl. Mr. James Bryce's book on the American Commonwealth is reviewed by Mr. Frederic Harrison, while Mr. Gladstone reviews the life and correspondence of Daniel O'Connell.

Contemporary Review.—In reply to Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Appeal," the Duke of Argyll maintains the consistency of the Liberal Unionists. Sir Frederick Leighton's address to the Liverpool Art Congress is revised and published. The East African traveller, Mr. Joseph Thomson, deprecates the sacrifice of British civilising enterprise to German attempted conquest in that region. "Two Political Centenaries," by Mr. Henry Dunckley, is a comparison of French with English courses of Revolution. Sir M. E. Grant Duff concludes his account of a sojourn and tour in Syria. The notorious works of M. Zola, the French novelist, are dissected by Mrs. Crawford. Mr. J. Allanson Picton, M.P., writes against compulsory vaccination. Miss Julia Wedgwood describes the literary club of Cambridge students in 1830, nicknamed "The Apostles," to which several men of subsequent note and influence belonged. Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., comments on the chaotic state of legislative business in the House of Commons.

National Review.—"The European Outlook for 1889" is a gloomy prevision of the great Continental War for which no Government or nation could find any plausible pretext, and by which none could possibly gain any real advantage. Captain Willoughby Verner's idea of providing English coast defences by portable batteries of machine-guns to fire on boats landing troops seems worthy of attention. The essay on Mohammedanism as a political power, by Mr. A. T. Sibbald, is comprehensive, exact, and ably written. Mr. Demetrius Boulger describes the improved military organisation of the Chinese Empire, and recommends it to a British alliance for the restraint of Russia on the shores of the North Pacific Ocean. The effects of acedemical education on feminine habits are regretted by Lady Magnus. Mr. J. Nisbet explains the utility and methods of a systematic study of forest conservation. The lighter articles treat of some Irish novelists, the Banims, Gerald Griffin, and Carleton; of a French religious mystery-play formerly in vogue at Limoges; of the familiar epistles or satires of Ariosto; and of Hearne's gossip about English politicians in the times of William III. and Queen Anne.

Fortnightly Review.—Lord Wolsley's essay on "War" is mainly a comment on the article contributed by Colonel Maurice to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," treating of strategy and tactics. "The Ethics of Cannibalism," by Mr. H. H. Johnston, is unpleasant Christmas reading. Victor Hugo's genius as a lyrical poet once more elicits a burst of prose panegyric from Mr. Algernon Swinburne. The memoir, by Mr. Oscar Wilde, of that most odious personage, "Janus Weathercock" Wainwright, an affected fine gentleman, an æsthetic art-critic, a sordid, heartless, treacherous murderer of his friends and family, is horribly cool and calm. A comparison of Elizabethan with Victorian poetry by Mr. J. A. Symonds cannot fail to be instructive. The dramatic works of the Norwegian Ibsen, as valuable studies of social and ethical problems, are examined by Mr. Edmund Gosse. The Hon. George Curzon describes Bokhara, one of the most interesting Mohammedan cities of Asia, now undergoing a Russian transformation. Two articles, respectively attacking the Optimist humanitarian doctrine (by Mr. W. H. Mallock) and upholding its claim to arise superior to blank Agnosticism (Mr. Frederic Harrison) demand the serious consideration of readers anxious for the prospects of religion.

Universal Review.—One or two articles have already obtained incidental notice in our "Ladies' Column." The essay on "The Progress of Man" is not so definite in its propositions as those reports of "The Progress of Woman." M. Louis De Fourcaud gives an account, in colloquial French, of a Bohemian artists' club in Paris, called "Le Chat Noir," ornamented in a ghastly fashion by M. Willette, whose designs, represented by many engravings here, are not agreeable to English taste. "The Doom of the Muses," by Mr. H. D. Traill, is a humorous and witty Lucianic dialogue between Zeus and Mnemosyne, exposing the modern vagaries and failing dignity of her daughters in the decline of contemporary literature. Mr. Thomas Hardy's domestic tale, "A Tragedy of Two Ambitions," is repulsive in its conception, beginning with two brothers, one a young clergyman, virtually guilty of the death of their disreputable father. The notes furnished by Mr. James Britten, with scraps of writing and rude drawings by the late General Gordon, concerning a botanical curiosity, the double cocoanut plant of the Seychelles, fancied by Gordon to be the forbidden fruit of Eden, scarcely bear out that romantic supposition. Mr. Swinburne's poem of "Æolus" is worthy of the windy deity by whom it is inspired. "Reminiscences of the New Royalty," by Mr. Burnand, are a slight contribution to London theatrical gossip.

Macmillan's Magazine.—In Mr. Clark Russell's "Marooned," the crew are going to mutiny, by which the two passengers, lady and gentleman, will be left in an island Eden. The beneficent and social establishments of M. Godin, "a practical philanthropist," at his great industrial factories of iron, copper, sugar, and chicory, are described. "Dr. Johnson's Favourites" were the gentle Bennet Langton and the lively Topham Beauclerk. Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley relates the treatment of the Indians in Canada. A pathetic story of the earthquake in Chios is told by Mrs. Lynch. "The Bloody Doctor" is a fly troublesome to anglers in a trout-pool of Tweedside known to Mr. Andrew Lang. An old critic scolds the "Practice of Letters" at the present day for the vicious sensualism of certain novelists. Mr. Goldwin Smith's estimate of Shakespeare's attitude with regard to religion and politics has been anticipated by other commentators on Shakespeare.

Murray's Magazine.—Lord Clarendon's Conservative regrets for the decay of responsible Party Government are somewhat behind the times. "Comedy of a Country House" is the commencement of a fresh story by Mr. Julian Sturgis. The aged Dowager Lady De Ros (Lady Georgiana Lennox), who in her childhood was a favourite of the Duke of Wellington, has interesting reminiscences of the campaign of Waterloo. "The

Old Cloak" is a touching little Christmas tale of French rustic life, by Maxime du Camp, an approved author. The editor of the *Builder*, Mr. H. H. Statham, deals rather severely with Mr. Shaw Lefevre's architectural administration in the instances of Westminster Hall, the National Gallery, and Hyde Park Corner. The aspects of New York during the Presidential Election are described by Mr. M. J. Griffin, librarian of the Canadian Parliament. Lady Knightley's notes on the social history of Northamptonshire and Warwickshire are the fruit of long observation. "The Reproach of Annesley" is continued by the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland."

Blackwood's Magazine.—"Lady Baby" is a story of forced and contrasted situations, with a handsome young woman in it, who is tempted to escape destitution by a catch marriage. "Christmas Eve on a Haunted Hulk" is one of the "weird" sort of stories. There is also "A True Ghost Story." "A Stiff-necked Generation" is concluded. The notes by a comrade of Stanley on the Congo, down to March, 1888, will be perused with interest. Mr. J. E. Kebbel discourses of the present position of English farmers. The life of the late Emperor Frederick, and that of Lord Westbury, are reviewed. Sir Theodore Martin translates Schiller's poem of Hero and Leander.

Cornhill.—A new story, "The County," begins with two sisters named Frances and Esmé, who are to lose their home by their Uncle Frank's marriage. The interior of a Burmese prison is described by one reporter, and the rough life of a New Zealand "cockatoo" farmer by another. A tale of the Californian mining districts, with a Yankee swindler pretending to be a preacher, is coarsely characteristic. A belated critical admirer of Dickens comments on "Pickwick." A curious chapter of sixteenth-century German history is the private war carried on by a Berlin grocer against the Elector of Saxony. "French Janet," which is continued, presents good Scottish types of character.

English Illustrated.—The massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris is the central fact in Mr. S. J. Weyman's romance, "The House of the Wolf." Berkeley Castle is described and illustrated in the "Glimpses of Old English Homes." Mr. Archibald Forbes contributes the tale of an old Highland Sergeant whose heart broke when his son committed the crime of deserting. Scindia's rock-fortress and city of Gwalior is described by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Living models at the studios of London artists are the subject of notes by Mr. Oscar Wilde, and of some clever sketches. The Roman story of "Sant' Ilario" is continued by Mr. Marion Crawford.

Longman's Magazine.—Mr. Walter Besant's new story, "The Bell of St. Paul's," sets forth with the sale of a female vagrant's child, at a low Spitalfields lodging-house, to a scientific medical gentleman living at Bankside, who designs to test the theory of heredity and the power of education. So he brings up the boy, Oliver Luttrell, the offspring of vicious and criminal progenitors, with all the advantages of hard and keen intellectual training. The collection of odd sequestered students, with a brave young gentleman from Australia, and two bright young ladies, sojourning at Bankside, is really surprising. In Mr. D. Christie Murray's tale, "A Dangerous Catpaw," the misguided barrister, Wyncott Esden, finds himself in terrible danger from his culpable complicity with burglars and receivers of stolen goods. "Hath not a Jew Eyes?" and "A Queen-Anne Pocket-book," are short narratives which excite curiosity. Further reports are given of the "Donna" truck for the distribution of food to the suffering unemployed of London in the neighbourhood of the docks.

Gentleman's Magazine.—"Kepaha-Winona" is an Indian girl in North America, who is cruelly ill treated and has a tragical fate. Mr. J. Theodore Bent describes the town of Brusa, in Asia Minor, and the slopes of Olympus. Mr. G. Eyre-Todd relates a pleasing ramble in the famous vale of Yarrow. Curious tenures and rustic customs, pantomime performances in the last century, the convivial alliance of wine and music, the reform in the condition and habits of North Sea fishermen, prison discipline, scientific news, and "table-talk," fill most of the other pages, with a memoir of the late Professor Ella, and one of Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott, a prisoner in Paris during the Reign of Terror.

Temple Bar.—The author of "John Herring" has begun a new social romance, entitled "Arminell." Lady Lechmere translates one called "What Men Live By," from the Russian of Tolstoi. "Last Words" is a lively dialogue between Laura and Pamela at the carriage-window of a railway-train just before its starting. Miss Francis Peard supplies the commencement of a story, "Paul's Sister," which has its opening scenes in Rome. There is another chapter of "A Chronicle of Two Months." The life of Thomas Campbell, the letters of Charles Lamb, the art or trick of punning, and the mania of collecting rare china, are made topics of discussion.

Belgravia.—A story by Mr. R. Ashe King, bearing the title of "Passion's Slave," introduces one young lady who has an ambition to be a great actress; another, who is an authoress, and whose father is an infatuated inventor. This is to be continued, while other tales, "An Impostor," "My Matinée," "The Writing on the Arm," "Mr. Calvert's Frailty," "Those Two," and "The Course of True Love," are of a summary nature. "The Story of a Widow's Cruise" is to have a sequel.

London Society.—A study of girlhood, under the name of "Sheba," approaches its conclusion; the author is "Rita." Miss Sarah Tytler proceeds with "The Duchess Frances." Two clever sketches of people in the hunting-field, "The Melancholy Man" and "The Popular Woman," by Mrs. Edward Kennard, are good-humouredly satirical. The author of "Molly Bawn" contributes the brief tale of "A Wrong Turning"; and Lady Duffus Hardy, that of "Mrs. Hawtrey's Adventure." Mr. Percy Fitzgerald continues his rambles about London "in search of the picturesque."

Tinsley's Journal.—This is the first number of a new monthly magazine, in which Mr. William Tinsley's "Random Recollections of an Old Publisher," and Miss Lily Tinsley's wild romance, "The Child of the Shadow," are two conspicuous articles. A critical essay, by the late Mr. E. S. Dallas, on Richardson's "Clarissa," has some literary value; it was written some years ago for the preface to a revised edition of that celebrated work. Mr. T. Fordyce's severe animadversions on the Bishops of the Church of England seem harsh and nowise just. "Seeing Oneself in Print," by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, is a knowing account of the foibles of literary amateurs. The changed manners of rural life, especially in the habits of farm labourers and their families, are regretfully noticed by one who has lived in the country fifty years. There are two pieces of verse, which have little merit as poetical compositions.

The Century.—This American magazine, the rival of *Harper's Monthly* and *Scribner's Monthly*, contains many fine wood-engravings, a good art-criticism of Giotto, romantic stories of Canada and Louisiana, a humorous Californian story, an account of Ireland in Pagan times, a description of Nazareth, Capernaum, and other places in Galilee, further reports of the Russian prisons in Siberia, additional chapters of the history of President Lincoln and of the American Civil War.

Scribner's Magazine.—The picturesque description, by the Blashfields, of great baronial castles in the Middle Ages, and their inner life, illustrated by many artistic drawings, must have uncommon interest for American readers. Railway management and traffic-working in the United States are explained with extreme minuteness. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's Scottish nautical romance, "The Master of Ballantrae," is continued. "The Invalid's World" is a thoughtful and tender account of New York hospital patients, surgeons, and nurses. Some remarks on Frenchwomen, as compared with American women, appear to be the result of much observation of French social life. "Japanese Art Symbols" are the subject of a short treatise, with original illustrations drawn by a Japanese artist.

Time.—An account of the Metropolitan Police, by an official, may usefully be collated with that recently furnished by Sir Charles Warren to *Murray's Magazine*. The editor, Mr. Walter Sichel, collects a few striking examples of judicial sagacity and directness of view in the decisions of the late Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls. The continuing chapters of "Kophetua XIII," two or three short stories, a would-be satire in heroic couplets styled "The Puffad," Mr. Sonnenschein's professional opinion about competitive examinations, and a comparison of the "first Numbers" of various literary periodicals, make up the remainder.

The following magazines and other periodicals for January can only, this time, be generally acknowledged and commended: *The Woman's World*, *Atalanta*, *The Theatre*, *The Sun*, *Good Words*, *The Leisure Hour*, *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *The Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, *The Antiquary*, *The Library*, *The Book-worm*, *Harper's Monthly*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*; the last is accompanied by *Myra's Half-yearly Budget* of Paris fashions for the winter season.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Art Journal* for January opens with some account of the life and work of the great French painter, Jean Paul Laurens, one of the last and most impressive of that school of romanticists almost superseded now-a-days by the rigid naturalism which has well-nigh swamped French art and literature. A paper on types of beauty in Renaissance and modern painting, with examples from pictures by Lippo Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Francia, Botticelli, and others, by Frances Sitwell, is extremely interesting; and the satisfactorily answered question, "Was Mary Stuart beautiful?" by Mr. Richard Davey, will surely bring balm to the wounded spirits of those admirers of the unfortunate and romantic Queen whose faith may have been shaken by some hard-hearted and ill-mannered historians. An article on the Palace of Westminster by Mr. W. J. Loftie, profusely illustrated, and another on the collection of pictures recently bequeathed to the Museum of Art in New York by Miss Catherine Wolfe, go far to make this issue one of especial interest.

Mr. Wemyss Reid contributes to the January issue of the *Magazine of Art* a paper, profusely illustrated, on the portraits of Mr. Gladstone; and a photogravure of Sir John Millais' picture of the great statesman forms the frontispiece to the number. The editor of the magazine prints a letter, addressed to the President and Council of the Royal Academy of London, in 1797, by John Flaxman, R.A., protesting against the establishment of Paris as the art-centre and university of the world, instead of Rome, as had been proposed by certain overpatriotic French artists, when Buonaparte's ravages in Italy had enriched the Musée National in Paris with art-treasures to an undreamed-of extent. It is curious to read it now in the light of present facts, for Paris has certainly—for good or evil, remains to be seen—taken the place of Rome as a rendezvous for students of art. Mr. Frith, R.A., contributes a paper on art-education, and while he yields the palm to Paris as the school for drawing, declares that England is second to none as a school of colourists. His views will probably not excite much controversy. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., in a letter to the editor headed "Thoughts on the Art of To-day," discusses at some length a question raised by Sir J. E. Millais in a recent issue of this magazine on the probable original colour of many works by old masters; and the description, beautifully illustrated with drawings by Mr. MacWhirter, R.A., of the Isle of Arran, helps to make particularly interesting the first number of the new year.

We have received the yearly volume of that well-known art periodical, the *Portfolio*, edited by Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton. It is rich in engravings and etchings of great beauty, after the works of old or modern artists; and, with such an editor, it is needless to say that the letterpress in no way falls short of the illustrations.

Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co. continue to bring out, monthly, their publication entitled *Our Celebrities*, being photographs, by Messrs. Walery, of men and women celebrated in some way, either in art, literature, politics, science, or society, accompanied by a monograph on the same by M. Louis Engel. In the November number, the portrait of Mr. F. C. Burnand, the jocular-looking editor of *Punch*, is particularly good; while in the December issue, the photographs of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of Sir Henry Thompson, the great surgeon, are extremely fine. Madame Albani appears in the January number; but perhaps the best photograph published this month is that of Mr. Boehm, R.A., the well-known sculptor.

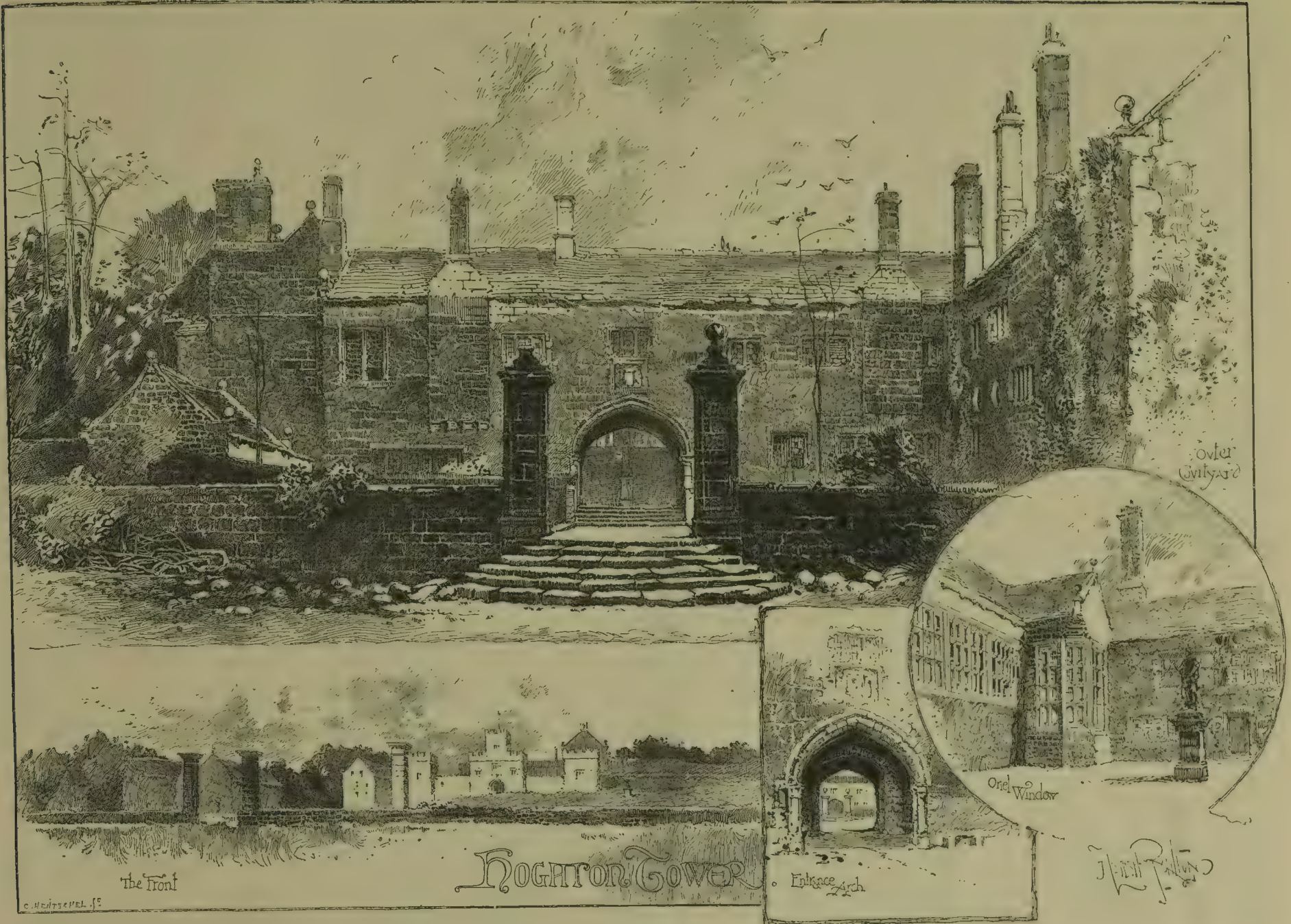
"*Vanity Fair*" *Album for 1888*.—This, being the twentieth yearly volume, has a frontispiece which is a coloured picture of a race to the winning-post, ridden by nine of the favourite jockeys, with Sir John Astley and Judge Clark looking on. Among the portraits, with brief memoirs, of many notable persons in society are those of Prince Albert Victor, Lord Hartington, the Marquis of Ailesbury, and other noblemen, five of the Judges, one Bishop, several members of Parliament, literary men, cricketers, and patrons of art.

The Queen's New-Year gifts, consisting of beef and coals, were presented to the poor of Windsor and Clewer on Jan. 1.

The Empress Frederick has sent a present to the Bethnal-green Free Library, being the tenth gift received by the trustees from members of the Royal family.

Herr Eugen Richter calculates, from recent military statistics, that Germany now has at her disposal a war army of 3,513,416 completely drilled men, not counting those belonging to the reserves and the Landsturm, who are not drilled in time of peace.

It has been reported to the War Office that the attendance of Militia and Volunteer officers at the approaching examination in military tactics will be much more numerous than on any previous occasion, the numbers being especially large in the northern district, whose head-quarters are at York. The examination—to be held at all the principal home military stations—has been fixed for Tuesday, Jan. 8, before boards of Regular officers. In the case of Volunteer officers a pass at these examinations qualifies for an extra capitation grant of 30s. per annum.



HOGHTON TOWER, LANCASHIRE.

This fine example of old English semi-domestic architecture is situated midway between Blackburn and Preston, in Lancashire. It crowns the summit of an isolated conical hill. Rising proudly in the midst of a fair and fertile plain, watered by the Ribble and Darwen—the latter river making a natural moat on the north-east side—the stately edifice seems to command the whole country. No better description of Houghton Tower can be found than that given by Ainsworth in his romantic story of "The Lancashire Witches":—"It is melancholy to think that so glorious a pile, teeming with so many historical recollections, and so magnificently situated, should be abandoned and suffered to go to decay. Bereft of its venerable timber, its courts grass-grown, its fine oak staircase rotting and dilapidated, its domestic chapel neglected, its marble chamber broken and ruinous, its wainscotings and ceilings cracked and mouldering, its paintings mildewed and half-effaced, Houghton Tower presents only the wreck of its former grandeur. Desolate indeed are its walls, and their glory for ever departed—silent, solitary, saddening, but still whispering of the glories of the past, still telling of the kingly pageant that once graced it."

Houghton was visited by James I. in August, 1617, on his journey from Scotland to London, when he remained here two days. A good deal of hunting was done, the fine deer-park supplying the sport. This memorable Royal visit ended with a sort of knightly revel or grand masque, in which the attendant nobles and gentlemen took part. James had a weakness, amounting to a passion, for this type of recreation. In Green's history we read that "the treasury was drained to furnish masques and revels on a scale of unexampled splendour." The following passage of Nicholas Assheton's Diary is a charming account of the Sunday's business, which ended with the grand masque:

"Aug. 17.—At Houghton. We served the Lords with biscuit, wine and jelly. The 'Buschopp' of Chester preached afore the King. To dinner. About four o'clock there was a rush—bearing and piping afore the King in the middle court; then to sup. Then about ten or eleven o'clock a mask of noblemen, knights, gentlemen and courtiers afore the King in the middle round in the garden. Some speeches of the rest; dancing the Huckle, Tom Bedlo, and the Cowp Justice of the Peace." The bill-of-fare for Sunday night's supper is not bad; yet it was beaten by the dinner of the same day: "Sunday night's supper. First course.—Pullet, boiled capon, cold mutton, shoulder of mutton roasted, chicken boiled, cold capon, roast veal, rabbits boiled, turkey roast, pasty of venison hot, shoulder of venison roast, herons cold, sliced beef, umble pike, duck boiled, chickens baked, pullets, cold neat's tongue pike, neat's tongue roast, sprod boiled, curlews baked, cold; turkeys baked, cold; neat's feet, boiled rabbits, neat's tongue, rabbits fried. Second course.—Quails, poult, herons, plovers, chickens, pear tarts, rabbits, peas buttered, made dish, ducks, gammon of bacon, red-deer pike, pigeons, wild-boar pike, curlew, dry neat's tongue, tart, dried hog's cheek." It is to be hoped their slumbers, and dreams too, were peaceful.

The thoughtful summary below is from a treatise, "The History of Houghton," by the Rev. J. Short, Vicar:—"The interest in their patronymic state, after languishing for some generations, has happily revived in the minds of the late and present Baronets. Large sums of money have been and are being spent on repairs, amounting nearly to a rebuilding of the Tower. Thus Houghton may remind us of many important events in the past. Its ownership by the present lord is a memorial of that signal event in English history, the Norman Conquest. The erection of the Tower testifies to a most important change in English habits and customs, when the country became covered with buildings where the thought of defence was abandoned for that of domestic comfort and refinement, and when the strength and gloom of mediæval dwellings gave way to the grace and cheerfulness of the Elizabethan hall. Even the neglect it experienced in the last century may be attributed to the occupation of the English mind, characteristic of the age, with war and other exciting influences. And now its restoration will be a monument of the modern spirit which wishes to preserve all interesting memorials of bygone times." The present owner of this charming tower is Sir Charles De Houghton, the tenth Baronet, who succeeded his brother in 1876. The baronetcy is the second in order of creation, and the property has been in the family since the time of King Stephen.

Mrs. Dallas-Glyn, formerly Miss Isabel Glyn, who for several years played as leading lady with Mr. Phelps, is lying in a critical condition at her residence, 13, Mount-street, Berkeley-square. In recent years she has given dramatic recitals in the chief provincial towns, and has given lessons in elocution.

There has been a shipwreck and loss of life in the Bay of Biscay. The steamer Storm Queen, from Sebastopol for Holland, was caught in the bay by a hurricane of fearful violence, the sea sweeping the vessel from stem to stern. She rolled so violently that her cargo shifted and caused her to heel over and ship water in her holds. Twenty-two out of the crew of twenty-eight took to the boats, the remaining six standing by the vessel and going down with her when she foundered. The men in the boats were rescued by the barque Gulnare and landed at Dover on Dec. 26.

THE PRESS OF LONDON.

While the Press of London are very careful not to endorse any advertised remedy or patent invention, we have all along observed that articles of actual merit or new inventions from which the public are likely to be benefited are readily taken up and endorsed; while, on the other hand, advertised specialties, which do not bear actual value on the very face, are as readily taken up and exposed, as was the case recently when one of the leading society papers exposed many of the much-advertised quack medicines greatly to the injury of unprincipled proprietors, but of incalculable benefit to the public. When the public Press of London combine to throw the full light of intelligent investigation on any subject, the result that invariably follows is, the good comes to the top, the bad goes straight to the bottom. As an illustration of what the London Press think of one of the leading advertised articles we quote from the following:—"Whitehall Review: 'St. Jacobs Oil has, it appears, received no less than six gold medals during the past year, for its wonderful efficacy to 'Conquer Pain.'—Modern Truth: 'We recommend this truly wonderful remedy—St. Jacobs Oil—to everyone who is suffering from pain. We are personally acquainted with many marvellous cures effected by its use.'—Myra's Journals: 'When a remedy possesses such remarkable curative properties as St. Jacobs Oil, it is not to be wondered at that her Majesty's troop-ships are not considered ready for sea until a supply is on board.'—St. Stephen's Review: 'It is said that a great number of London postmen would be wholly unable to perform their arduous duties were it not for that famous remedy St. Jacobs Oil, which they apply to the muscles after a severe day's work.'—Weekly Dispatch: 'St. Jacobs Oil has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia, which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime.'—Evening News: 'The cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil are simply wonderful.'—Sunday Times: 'From our personal experience and inquiries St. Jacobs Oil will accomplish all that its proprietors claim for it; its extraordinary merits are being rapidly recognised, as shown by the daily increasing demand.'—Court and Society Review: 'The remarkable cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil have become the subject of extensive comment on the part of leading newspapers.'—London Figaro: 'One of our oldest subscribers writes us, 'that, having suffered for more than ten years from a stiff and painful knee, he was permanently cured in less than ten minutes after the first application of St. Jacobs Oil,' and asks how we account for this; is it not almost magical?'—Entertainment Gazette: 'There is no bodily pain which cannot be removed by the use of St. Jacobs Oil; it acts like magic.'—Pictorial World says of St. Jacobs Oil: 'Its powers are truly wonderful; it has cured people who have been crippled from pain for over twenty years.'—Detroit Free Press: 'We have no hesitation in recommending St. Jacobs Oil to all suffering from rheumatism as being a 'Conqueror of Pain.'—Primitive Methodist: 'The wonderful efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil for

ROUND ABOUT NORWICH.

The ancient city which was the capital of the Kingdom of East Anglia, and which has been a place of great provincial dignity and importance from early times of English history, is now the seat of flourishing trade and manufactures. A Rambling Artist, being also a rambling antiquary, finds round about Norwich many interesting subjects of study and worthy to be sketched. There is the massive Keep or Donjon Tower of the old Norman castle, with Bigod's Tower, and the adjacent terraces and gardens, commanding fine views of the city and its neighbourhood; there is the fine Cathedral, founded by Bishop Herbert de Losinga under the Norman reign, with the beautiful quadrangle of Gothic cloisters, the Bishop's Palace, and the stately gateways to the Close; there is the old Guildhall, built in the fifteenth century; St. Andrew's Hall, which was part of the great Blackfriars' Monastery; many churches, some of venerable age; remnants of several convents, and not a few quaint old private houses. Among the most conspicuous monuments of antiquity are the gateways to the former ecclesiastical precinct, which bear witness to the temporal rule exercised by powerful Bishops of Norwich in the times of the Plantagenet Kings. The Ethelbert Gate was erected at the cost of the citizens, as a penalty for their rebellion in 1272, when the rioters attacked the monastery, killed several of the monks, and did some damage to the Palace and Cathedral. Its name is derived from a chapel dedicated to St. Ethelbert, which is the chamber over the archway. In the spandrels of the arch are sculptured figures of a warrior with a sword and a round shield, fighting a dragon. The Erpingham Gate was built about the year 1420 by that valiant knight, "old Sir Thomas Erpingham," to whom Shakespeare's Henry V. bids a kindly "Good morrow" on the field of Agincourt. The Bishop's Gate, or Palace Gate, was erected by Bishop Alnwick some ten years later, and is ornamented with a device of the letter M crowned, probably in honour of St. Martin. Little remains of the old city walls, or of the old bridges over the Wensum; but on the river-bank, at Pull's or Sandling's Ferry, there is a double arch of rough black flint, which was the "water-gate" to the Close, and which is sufficiently picturesque. At Heigham, a mile from the Market-place, is an old Elizabethan house, now the Dolphin Inn, which was the suburban residence of Bishop Hall in his retirement during the Commonwealth; and Hall's repute in English literature gives it a peculiar interest, besides that of its style as a good old English mansion.

AMERICAN MUMMIES.

Signor Marghieri, the archaeologist, has made an interesting discovery in a cavern on the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre range in Mexico, about 200 miles south of Deming, between Coralitos and Casa Grande. The *San Francisco Examiner* reports that this cavern might be regarded as hitherto almost hermetically sealed, its existence being unsuspected. The floor was almost smooth; the sides rough and rocky; stalactites hung in profusion from the roof. At the farthest end there were four human bodies in a sitting posture, the heads inclined forward, the knees drawn up and the chins resting on them. The heads were wrapped in burial-clothes made of a mixture of cotton-wool, hair, grass, and bark. The bodies were turned towards the east. They seemed to be a father, mother, and two children; the elder of these, a boy, was at the father's right hand; the other, a young girl, was at the mother's left. The girl's body was wrapped in the skin of an animal, according to the usage of the island of Fuerte Ventura, evidently the better to preserve the more delicate body. A fine dust lay on the ground all around the bodies; but there were no foot-marks whatever of either man or beast. There had been no embalming process; the bodies had been simply dried in the air. They belonged to a race quite different from the present Indians; their fingers, hands and feet were smaller, the woman's hair was brown, soft as silk, and resembling that of the Caucasian races. The body of the man weighed probably in life 180 to 200 lb.; the present weight is 14 lb. The body of the woman weighs 12 lb.; small hollow pieces of bamboo were in the ears, probably for ornament; she had a broad, well-developed forehead. The boy weighed only 3 lb., and the girl 4½ lb.

Professor Stokes, of Cambridge University, has been elected a foreign member of the Munich Academy of Sciences.

The town residence of the Earl of Strafford, 5, St. James's-square, has been purchased with a view to its conversion into a lodging-house for single gentlemen. The enterprise has been undertaken to provide unfurnished rooms for about one hundred gentlemen, whose business or pleasure renders residence in the West-End a necessity. While tenants will be required to provide their own furniture, the landlord will place at their disposal drawing, dining, and visitors' rooms, replete with every comfort. The rent paid for sleeping-apartments will include attendance, and no extra charges of any sort will be made. Tenants will have the privilege of receiving visitors whenever they please during the day, and arrangements will be made for private dinners and other festivities. Should the St. James's-square experiment be successful, similar institutions will be provided in other parts of the metropolis.

THE YELLOW RIVER.

The first account by a European eye-witness of the scene of the frightful inundation on the Yellow River and of the work undertaken there with a view to restoring the banks has lately appeared in an Eastern journal. The writer says that the gap in the bank through which the river now flows is visible several miles off, the stream flowing out at right angles to its old bed. The latter is merely a succession of sand dunes greatly elevated above the present level of the water. The original stream was here many miles in width, and in the bed are now thousands upon thousands of mat sheds in which the labourers live. The general plan of the work is to run a strong bank 40 or 50 ft. wide from each side of the present stream until the two meet in the middle, when the task will have been accomplished. To protect the new bank, flanks or wings have been thrown out to support it at the ends lest the current should carry it away, as it has done once already. The whole country for many hundreds of acres resembles a gigantic nest of ants. Thousands of coolies are carrying and wheeling earth, or rather sand, and in the streets between the mat sheds every variety of traffic is carried on. The river pours through a gap about 400 ft. wide, at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour in a stream 100 ft. deep, and huge whirlpools in the centre show the immense force of the volume of water. The plan of dealing with this torrent is to place bundles of stalks in the bed of sand dug down as low as practicable, to weight them with a few stones, pile on sand, and proceed as before. Thousands upon thousands of tons of bricks are made at the kilns in the neighbourhood, and with these an attempt is being made to construct a wall to restrain the flood. But the writer thinks the whole undertaking fatuous; the work cannot be done as the Chinese are attempting to do it. The misery produced by the inundations is said to pass all comprehension. It is believed that the Government is feeding 1,117,000 refugees, and that the loss of life, direct and indirect, has not been less than a million. The quantity of sand brought down by the river is incredible. Looking eastward along the old bed, as far as the eye can reach, the whole horizon is one vast Sahara unrelieved by any oasis, and where the waters of the present inundation have subsided the sand can be seen overspreading the country in layers from 6 ft. to 10 ft. in depth. Day after day the traveller journeys through sandy deserts caused by past inundations, where stunted vegetation and wretched hovels attest the misery of such inhabitants as remain. The average width of territory permanently endangered by the river is from fifty to seventy-five miles; but this does not include such inundations as the present, where the river seeks new channels and carries destruction to regions hitherto exempt. The course which the river recently left is 20 ft. above the surrounding country, and is actually the only part of the region now secure from inundation. The villagers are now trying to bring patches of it under cultivation. Many junks are left stranded in the bed by the disappearance of the river in another direction.

THE LONDON VOLUNTEERS.

It was stated at the War Office on Dec. 27 that the returns of the Volunteers belonging to the Metropolis and the Home District, made for the first time in 1888, under the new Musketry Regulations, show much better results than had been anticipated, in view of the extreme difficulty now experienced by the commanding officers in finding ranges at which their men can perform their target-practice, it now being necessary that all Infantry Volunteers should become at least second-class shots. It is found by the regimental reports just compiled that out of the 35,550 officers and men in the fifty-one corps, 33,207 have complied with all the War Office requirements in drill and musketry, and, therefore, have earned the full capitulation grant of 36s. per head, to which sum the grant has been raised from the 30s. previously given. The number who have failed altogether in efficiency is 1539. As the 10s. allowance will only be paid twice by the Government for men failing to shoot into the second class, the 35s. men only are now being designated efficient; and, indeed, they are the only class of efficient known in the Artillery and Engineer Corps, which are not called upon to qualify in musketry. Of the 44 Infantry Corps in the Home District, nine report no men as having failed in trying to get out of the third class, only two of these also report no non-efficient.

The grand total of 35,550 enrolled Volunteers in the district is a decrease of 723 from the previous year, the 33,207 35s. men are 1632 below the number earning 30s. in 1887, and the 1539 non-efficient are 105 more than in 1887. The extra grant for "proficient" officers and sergeants has been earned by 3170, the special grant for a pass in tactics by 253, and the new signalling grant for officers by 13.

The magnificent church of St. Peter, Eaton-square, has been further embellished by the insertion of a beautiful stained-glass window in the east wall executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

The annual meeting of the Glasgow Savings Bank was held on Dec. 27, the Lord Provost presiding. The amount deposited is £4,880,000; the depositors number 143,261, whilst £4,400,000 are invested at interest in Government securities. The deposits quadrupled in twenty years, and nearly doubled in twelve years.

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OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT EVERSLEY.

The Right Honourable Charles Shaw-Lefevre, Viscount Eversley, of Heckfield, Hants, G.C.B., D.C.L., and LL.D., died at his seat near Reading on Dec. 28. His Lordship was born Feb. 22, 1794, the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., by Helena, his wife, only child of Mr. John Lefevre of Heckfield, the descendant of a Ronen family which established itself in

England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At the period of his death, the nobleman whose death we record was the oldest member of the Peerage. He was educated at Winchester, and in 1815 graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1819 he was called to the Bar; in 1830 he entered Parliament as member for Downton, and sat subsequently for Hampshire from 1831 to 1857. In 1839 he was elected Speaker of the House of Commons, which dignified and important office he filled with marked ability, courtesy, and public esteem until 1857. In that year he retired, and was raised to the Peerage as Viscount Eversley. He married, June 24, 1817, Emma Laura, daughter of Mr. Samuel Whitbread, M.P., by his wife, Lady Elizabeth Grey, and had three sons, who all died young, and three daughters, Emma Laura, Helena, wife of Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart., and Elizabeth, who married, in 1859, Captain Hervey St. John Mildmay, R.N., and died in 1867. Lord Eversley was High Steward of Winchester, Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hants Yeomanry, Governor of the Isle of Wight and Carisbrooke Castle, A.D.C. to the Queen, and an Ecclesiastical Commissioner. As he has left no male issue, the title of Eversley becomes extinct. The Right Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., is nephew of the deceased nobleman. (We present the Portrait of the late Lord Eversley, from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, of Piccadilly.)

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART.

Sir (William) Frederick Pollock, second Baronet, of Hatton, in the county of Middlesex, Queen's Remembrancer and Senior Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature, died at his residence in Montagu-square on Dec. 24. He was born April 3, 1815, the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Chief Baron, on whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1866. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, was called to the Bar in 1836, went the Northern Circuit, became, in 1846, a Master in the Court of Exchequer, and, in 1874, was nominated Queen's Remembrancer. He married, March 30, 1844, Juliet, daughter of the Rev. Henry Creed, Vicar of Corse, Gloucestershire, and had three sons; of whom the eldest, now Sir

Frederick Pollock, third Baronet, M.A., LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, first Chancellor's Medallist at Cambridge, married, Aug. 13, 1873, Georgina Harriet, younger daughter of Mr. John Deffell, and has issue. The Baronet whose death we record was a universal favourite. Genial, accomplished, and witty, he leaves a void in London society. He had literary tastes, and a keen appreciation of art and antiquities. His contributions to the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, the *Fortnightly* and *Nineteenth Century* are well remembered, and he translated into blank verse Dante's "Divine Comedy."

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. John Hemsley, of Shelton, Newark, who was for many years chairman of the Implement Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Portal, J.P., late of the 4th Light Dragoons, and Lieutenant-Colonel 4th Lancers, on Dec. 23, a Crimean officer, who was present at the Alma and Balaklava, at Inkermann and Sebastopol. He was a younger son of Mr. John Portal, of Laverstoke, Hants, by Elizabeth, his wife, only daughter of Mr. Henry Drummond.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Augustus Conolly, V.C., Resident Magistrate for the Curragh District, formerly Sub-Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, and earned the Victoria Cross by conspicuous gallantry in the Crimean War. He was fifth son of the late Mr. Edward Michael Conolly, of Castletown, M.P. for Donegal, and great-grandson of Thomas Lord Longford.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1888) of Mr. William Brass, late of Old-street, St. Luke's, and The Elms, Leigham Court-road, Surrey, builder and contractor, who died on Jan. 14 last, was proved on Dec. 20 by William Brass, the son, Ernest Edward Grimwade, and Robert Brass, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £162,000. The testator bequeaths £250 to each executor; £200 to his half-sister Rebecca Brass; an annuity of £150 to his sister Martha; £100 to his niece, Mary Pritchard; £100 to each of his clerks, R. F. Fraser and A. Jones; and £50 to his secretary. His younger sons are to have the option of joining in his said business upon the terms mentioned therein. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1888), with a codicil (dated June 8, 1888), of Mr. Herbert Clarke, late of Woodfield, Lustleigh, Devon, and of Herbert Clarke and Co., Limited, coal merchants, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Dec. 14 by the Rev. Arthur Frederic Clarke, and Booth Frederic Clarke, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £157,000. The testator bequeaths his house at Woodfield, with the furniture, &c., therein, and £30,000 to his niece Julia Christina Clarke; £6000 to his niece Isabella Waterworth; £5000 each to his nephews Denison Clarke, George Clarke, Fielding Clarke, and the Rev. Herbert Henry Clarke; £10,000 to his niece Ethel Jane Clarke; £5000 each to his nieces Lucy Jane Beaumont and Anna Luttmann-Johnson; £5000 to the Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children (Finsbury-pavement); £6000 to the Rev. Arthur Frederic Clarke; eighty shares in Herbert Clarke and Co., Limited, to each of his nephews Edward Nalder Clarke, Huntley Clarke, Alexander Clarke, and Booth Frederic Clarke; and other legacies to relatives and servants. The

residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sister, Isabella Clarke, absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1884) of Mrs. Elizabeth Sutherland Cazalet, late of Fairlawn, Tonbridge, Kent, and No. 4, Whitehall-gardens, who died on June 7, was proved on Dec. 14 by William Marshall Cazalet, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £103,000. The testatrix gives, assigns, disposes and conveys the whole of her property, estate, and effects, both real and personal, to her son, William Marshall Cazalet, absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Blackburn, late of Thornton House, No. 266, Camden-road, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Dec. 19 by Mrs. Mary Blackburn, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £69,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths the whole of his property, of whatsoever kind, to his wife, absolutely, feeling sure that she will dispose of the same between his children in such manner as he himself would have done.

The will (dated June 11, 1879) of Miss Jane Hamilton Douglas, formerly of No. 81, South Audley-street, and late of Florence House, Enfield, who died on Oct. 14, was proved on Dec. 18 by Mrs. Georgiana Douglas Bayley, the sister, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testatrix leaves all her property, both real and personal, between her two sisters, Mrs. Georgiana Douglas Bayley and Miss Cecilia Douglas.

The will and codicil of Miss Harriett Garrett, late of the borough of Leamington, who died on Oct. 17, were proved on Dec. 7 by David Shaw, James Wright Hassall, and William Henry Bellot, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £10,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to Lord Vernon; £500 to Lady Vernon; £100 each to the Hon. Diana Vernon, the Hon. Mildred Stanhope, the Hon. Margaret Vernon, the Hon. Adela Vernon, and the Hon. Alice Vernon; £100 each to the Hon. Caroline Anson, the Hon. Adelaide McDonald, and the Hon. Mrs. Garnier; £300 to the Warneford, Leamington, and South Warwick Hospital; £300 to the Vicar and churchwardens of the parish church at Leamington; £100 to the Institution for the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb, at Stockport; £200 to the Birmingham and Midland Counties Middle-class Idiot Asylum; £100 to the Leamington Provident Dispensary; £100 to the Midland Counties Hospital and Home for Chronic and Incurable Diseases; £250 to the Mayor and Aldermen of Beaumaris, upon trust, to buy clothing for the poor of that place; and a very large number of other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to William Henry Bellot.

The will (dated June 27, 1870) of Miss Fanny Macaulay, late of No. 95, Montpelier-road, Brighton, the only surviving sister of Lord Macaulay, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Dec. 22 by the Right Hon. Margaret Jean, Baroness Knutsford, the niece, the executrix, power being reserved of making a like grant to Lord Knutsford, the value of the personal estate exceeding £2900. The testatrix gives all her stock of the United States of America between her nieces, Edith and Alice Macaulay, and, subject thereto, leaves all her property to Baroness Knutsford.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard, the author of "She" and "Cleopatra," was not the writer of a short tale called "It," which appeared in one of the Christmas books noticed last week, and which was there ascribed to "Mr. Haggard Rider."

LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS.



"SHAKESPEARE — The Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived" — taught the DIVINENESS of FORGIVENESS, of Perpetual MERCY, of CONSTANT PATIENCE, of ENDLESS PEACE, of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew these things better than this man, show him! I KNOW HIM NOT! . . . If he had appeared as a Divine, they would have BURNED HIM; as a POLITICIAN they would have BEHEADED HIM; but God made him a PLAYER.

"HE TAUGHT THAT KINDNESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE!"

The Rev. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When Mercy seasons Justice,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
THE DEEDS OF MERCY.—SHAKESPEARE.

What higher aim can man attain

Than conquest over human pain?

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the raging torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important

it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as ENO'S FRUIT SALT, to check disease at the onset! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all Household, Ship Captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" be your companion, for under any circumstances its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, frequently without any warning you are suddenly seized

with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c., &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: "I will wait and see; perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;" whereas had a supply of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely Death?

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life."—J. C. ENO.

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

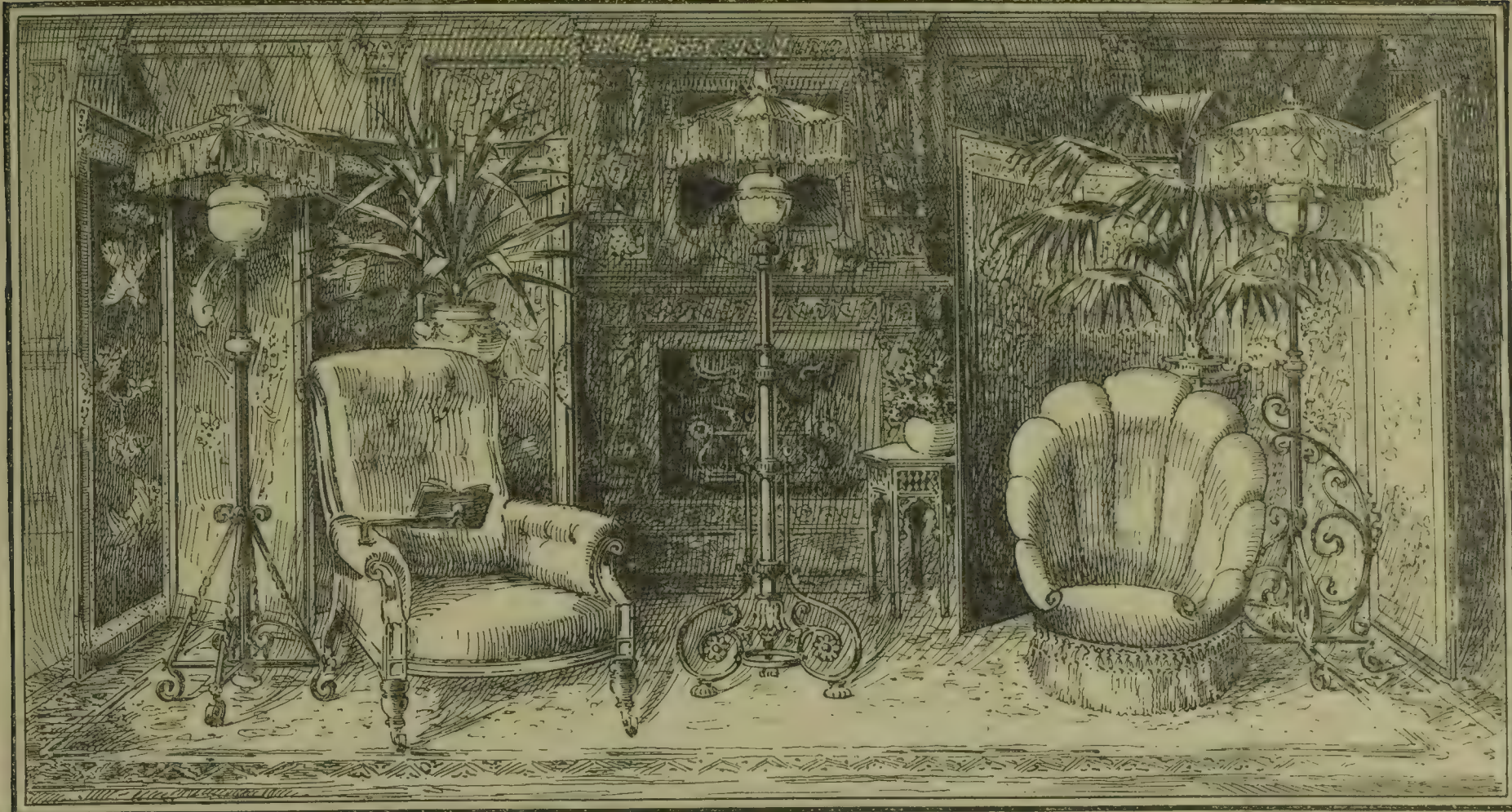
"During the Afghan War I verily believe Kandahar was won by us all taking up large supplies of 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT,' and so arrived fit to overthrow HALF A DOZEN AYUB KHANS."—From "MESS STORIES," by G. W. Vyse, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

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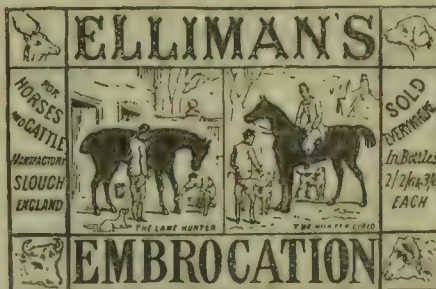
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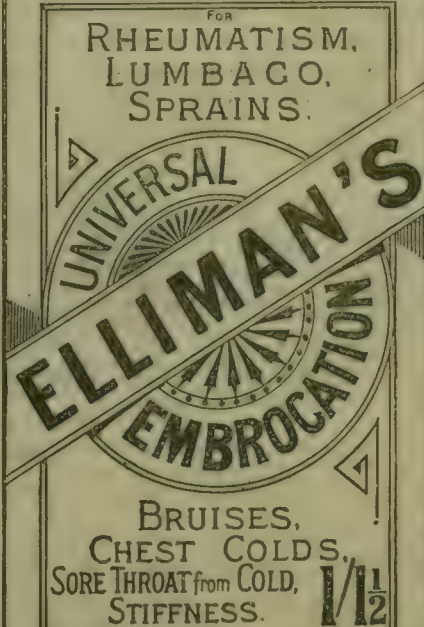


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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Great has been the disappointment caused to hundreds of young folk by the receipt of an announcement that the usual Twelfth Night Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball at the London Mansion House has to be postponed to the Easter holidays, in consequence of the sanitary work that has been found necessary in the official abode of the Lord Mayor. The invitations had been out a fortnight before this necessity was discovered, so there was considerable time for anticipation to work its painful pleasure in young minds and for dresses to be discussed and even partly prepared. However, disappointment is better than typhoid, and the Christmas holidays are usually so well-stocked with sources of pleasure that the loss of one can be the better borne. It is the season of children's parties, so that a few words about their frocks for such events will be acceptable.

For ordinary parties, little girls now wear high-necked and long-sleeved dresses almost universally. They are not hardened to draughts, as I suppose we were in my childish days, when we went about at all times and in all weathers with low-necked frocks, and when a dress that covered up to the throat and down to the wrists would indeed have seemed out of place at a party. It is a very moot point how far it is possible to "harden" the constitution to resist chill. There are many people who never wrap up their throats, and who maintain that they suffer far less from colds than do those who allow themselves abundant protective envelopes whenever they face the outer air. One thing, however, is certain—that real danger comes from the occasional exposure of surfaces of the skin that are used to being protected. The throat-hardening process must not be intermittent, especially with children, who cannot be induced to be careful about keeping out of draughts, and who get very hot at parties with the romping games that they love, and with dancing. Hence the almost total disuse of short-sleeved and low-necked frocks is a good thing.

Smocks are in full fashion, and most children look well in them; soft silk or the finest of cashmere in some delicate colour, with silk sash to match, looks as nice as any costume for a child can possibly do. A dress of white pongee silk, with coral pink used for smocking stitches and sash; and another of very delicate green, the shade of the young willow-leaf, smocked with golden-yellow arranged in three diamond-shaped sections, were shown me recently. A new way of arranging a smock is to have a plain yoke at the top and the full material smocked instead of gathered to fit into the yoke. For girls between ten and fourteen, folded bodices, with pretty draperies laid closely from each shoulder to the waist back and front, ending under the sash, are becoming. A more elaborate frock is constructed out of two materials. A good model shown me had a front sloping in from neck to waist, and again widening to the hem, of fine, very fine, knife pleatings, all facing to the centre, of pale green India muslin, the full straight back of the skirt being of the same material, while the rest of the bodice, flat sides to the skirt, and a loose bow and long ends falling over the muslin at the back, were all of plaid silk—a green and red tartan. The bodice had small revers of the plaid at the top and loose edges lower down, fixed with big buttons covered with the same material, so that altogether the effect was quite "Directoire" and very smart. Another rather elaborate frock was of yellow silk, with a fan-shaped trimming of pearl-embroidered white tulle arising out of each arm-hole and meeting in a point in the middle of the body, whence a series of thickly-sewn pearl dangles formed a pointed plastron, and led down to a tablier of the

pearly tulle arranged from the side breadths to the middle of the skirt to match the bodice; sash draperies finished off the back. Any fanciful or showy device of this sort, however, is suitable only for big girls: the more plainly little children's frocks are made, the better they look.

Portraits of beauties are generally disappointing, but those of Mary Queen of Scots are more so even than is usual. The entrancing "Exhibition of the Royal House of Stuart," which opened, on Dec. 29, at the New Gallery, contains a remarkable series of portraits of that Queen. I wrote on this subject once before, and will not repeat myself, further than to remind my kind circle of readers that I have a strong liking for the Janet or "Windsor Miniature," and to add that this is now at the New Gallery (Case A, West Gallery), having been lent by her Majesty the Queen. The colours are washed out and the contours are flattened by the age of the painting on the ivory—a treacherous substance for long preservation of colours; and, perhaps, some will get a truer idea of the face from the photograph placed beside the miniature of an almost identical but larger drawing by the same artist (evidently a study for, or a sketch from, the miniature), the original of which is in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. This miniature was the portrait chosen by James I. on the advice of those who had known his mother, to be copied for the head of the recumbent statue on the magnificent tomb which he erected for her in Westminster Abbey. Furthermore, the miniature is mentioned in a catalogue of Charles I.'s pictures as always hanging in the King's private cabinet. For authenticity and for historical interest, therefore, this little picture is unsurpassed.

The other most interesting portrait of the large number now in the New Gallery collection is that usually called "The Blair Portrait." This was painted, probably from a miniature, by order of one of the two faithful and favoured women who accompanied the Queen to the scaffold—Elizabeth Curle. Her own portrait, and that of her companion on the occasion, Joan Kennedy, are placed in miniature at the back of the life-size standing figure of the Queen, on one side; while in the background, on the other hand, appears a little picture of the execution, showing the Queen, in red satin petticoat and bodice, kneeling with her head on the block, and the executioner with upraised axe about to strike. The picture was painted for Mrs. Curle when she went to Antwerp after the Queen's death, and presumably it represented her beloved mistress as much to the mourner's satisfaction as portraits commonly do; so that it and the Windsor miniature may be taken as the typical ones in the collection by which to test the authenticity of the remainder. But where is the beauty? Ah! be sure that beauty is, if not in the eye, at all events in the mind of the beholder. There is a charm, a fascination—one can call it nothing but a magnetism, though that is only a phrase expressing ignorance—emanating from some of our race which makes their lineaments seem beautiful to others if they be but passing regular. To my thinking, indeed, that charm is not absent from these authentic pictures, from the sad, long eyes, the well-cut, firm mouth, the rounded chin, the broad, high brow; though beauty, in the common meaning of the term, is not there. There are in all some forty pictures in the exhibition bearing the name of Mary Stuart, but some have small claim to notice. In particular, No. 33 is obviously and unquestionably a portrait of Mary Tudor, Queen of England—dress, figure, and face all declare it.

At the crowded Private View, a number of persons sported either the White Rose that was the badge of the Jacobites, or wore a little medal attached to a white ribbon, thereby marking themselves as members of the "White Rose Order." I

"interviewed" one or two of my friends thus adorned, but could not obtain an intelligible account of the meaning or purpose of their mysteries. Not likely! I learned, indeed, that they recognised the wife of the heir to the throne of Bavaria as the living representative of the legitimist line of the Stuarts—she being the lineal descendant of Princess Henrietta, daughter of Charles I. But when I further inquired if they propose to unseat her most gracious Majesty in favour of that other lady, I was met by a fervour of indignant denial that might be only assumed to save their heads from Tower Hill till their plots are ripe, but that seemed real; so I am still unable to comprehend the dark purposes symbolised by the "White Rose Order."—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE CHINESE IN SIBERIA.

The well-known Oriental scholar, M. Wassiljeff, in a recent issue of the *Novoye Vremya*, discusses the Chinese immigration to Siberia in a manner very different from that in which the subject is usually treated in the Russian Press. He starts from the positions that there is room enough in Siberia for innumerable settlers, and that the Russian people are a mixed race with the blood of many peoples in their veins, from the Germans and Poles in the west, to the Mongols and Tartars in the east. He expresses the hope that Chinese immigrants to Siberia may also be Russified, and recommends that Chinese should be invited to settle in Asiatic Russia, and that measures should be taken to make them good subjects of the Czar. For this purpose it would be a great error to follow the example of the United States and some of the British Colonies and require, or encourage, or allow the Chinese in a district to collect and live together in one spot. This M. Wassiljeff would forbid; but he would encourage the abandonment of the *queue* and of the Chinese dress, and the immigration of the wives, while he would have the children educated in Russian schools. The Chinese are not so hostile to assimilation with other races as is generally supposed; and, as a proof of this, reference is made to the circumstance that, wherever they go, they soon learn the language of the country in which they are, at least to the extent of enabling them to transact business. He also thinks, on account of the general religious indifference of the Chinese, that if they were managed with skill and diplomacy, they might be induced to accept the Greek Church; but it would be useless to expect from the first generation more than outward appearance, the real acceptance of its tenets being left to the future and the descendants of the immigrants.

Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood has taken the command of the troops of the Aldershot Division, now numbering about 14,000 officers and men.

Princess Christian has promised to open a bazaar and fancy-fair, to be held in the Townhall, Twickenham, at the end of February, in aid of a fund for a new vicarage house at Twickenham.

Watch-night services were held on New Year's Eve, commencing shortly before midnight, at many of the metropolitan churches and chapels. At some churches the brief service was followed by the administration of the Communion. Entertainments were given in several of the metropolitan hospitals and workhouses. The wards were decorated by the nurses and medical staff; and musical and dramatic performances were given for the amusement of the patients who were strong enough to enjoy them.

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The Best and Surest Remedy for Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST, LUNGS, and STOMACH.

EXTRACT IN FACSIMILE FROM THE TESTIMONIAL RECEIVED FROM SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

I regard them as extremely valuable in Obsolete Catarrhal affections of the Throat. They are especially beneficial in catarrhal diseases of the air-passages, and I have frequently found them of great service in the case of Singers and Public Speakers.
2 September 1887
Morell Mackenzie
M.D. Lond.

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THROAT IRRITATION AND HOARSENESS.

"453, Brixton-road, S.W.,
"Nov. 9, 1887.

"Gentlemen,—I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles in a case of Chronic Catarrh of the pharynx and larger respiratory tubes in an old lady with much benefit. I have also ordered them at the Brixton Dispensary.

"I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
"T. PRESTON LEWIS, M.D., M.R.C.S."

"4, Ludgate-circus-buildings, London,
"Dec. 31, 1887

"Dear Sir,—As one who has undergone the operation of tracheotomy, allow me to bear testimony to the value of the Soden Mineral Pastilles, as they have given me wonderful relief. My advice, as one who has suffered with the throat a great deal, to those in any way so affected, is to give them a trial without delay.
"Yours truly, J. HILL."

From THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RICHARDSON.

"I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles which you have sent me, and find them excellent. Most clergymen would find their pulpit work aided by the use of your lozenges, which clear the voice most remarkably."
Dec. 28, 1887.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

"7, Lillybank-gardens, Hill Head, Glasgow.

"Dear Sir,—I have used the box of Soden Pastilles you sent me some time ago, and am favourably impressed with the result. The case was one of Chronic Bronchitis in an aged patient. There was a marked effect in assisting the solution of the cough expectoration. They seem also to have a generally tonic effect, my patient remarking on the assistance to digestion which they afforded.
"Yours truly (Signed), ALEX. FREW."

"Rose Cottage, Statham, Melton Mowbray.
"Gentlemen,—Your lozenges I received when I was suffering from Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma, and I have great pleasure in testifying of their great efficacy in the alleviation and removal of these troublesome affections. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my professional friends, as I have never had anything to relieve me so quickly.
"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) "P. CLARK, Surgeon, &c.,
"M.R.C.S., L.S.A., London."

"Jan. 18, 1888.
"Denby House, Bushey Park, Bristol,
"March 3, 1888.

"Proprietors of the Soden Pastilles.
"Sir,—I have derived benefit from these Pastilles in the case of a severe attack of Bronchitis, and declare that I have never found such benefit from using only three boxes in any other Lozenge that I have tried.
"Your very grateful servant,
(Signed) "H. Y. OSBORNE."

COUGHS AND DIPHTHERIA.

"Nov. 28, 1887.

Miss CURTIS, daughter of Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart., writes:—"The Soden Mineral Pastilles are first rate for coughs. I have derived immense benefit since taking them, and my cough is nearly well. Please send me another box.
"F. L. CURTIS."

"Edwyn Ralph Rectory, Bromyard, Worcester,
"Dec. 24, 1887.

"Dear Sirs,—I have used with the greatest success the Soden Mineral Pastilles. My little boy, aged six and a half years, suffers much from swollen tonsils, which occasionally give rise to a most distressing cough, which is very exhausting. I found that your Pastilles gave him instantaneous relief.—I am, faithfully yours,
(Signed) "E. L. CHILDE-FREEMAN."

"Abercainry, Crief, N.B.,
"Jan. 30, 1888.

"Dear Sir,—I have had four years' suffering from bronchial affection, with troublesome cough; and from what I have already experienced of the box which I had a week ago, I have a great idea that I shall benefit very much from them.—Yours truly,
(Signed) "F. HARDIE."

CATARRHS OF THE LUNGS AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

"3, Weatherby Gardens, South Kensington,
"March 22, 1888.

LORD KEANE has taken the Soden Mineral Pastilles when suffering from Catarrh of the Stomach. They completely cured him, and he can recommend them as the best Lozenge for Coughs, Bronchitis, and Catarrh of the Stomach."

"18, Iron Market, Newcastle, Staffs,
"Dec. 30, 1887.

"Gentlemen,—My lungs being affected, and being under Dr. Hutton, he asked me to try some of your Pastilles, which I have done, and am pleased to inform you that I have found great relief from the few I have taken.
"Yours respectfully,
(Signed) "JOHN MEENEY."

"18, Hampton-street, Birmingham,
"March 26, 1888.

"Gentlemen,—Having purchased your Soden Pastilles I at once obtained relief from a very serious catarrh. I also gave part of one dissolved in water to my child, three months old, allaying a very troublesome cough, and giving it ease and comfort. I shall most strongly recommend them to all my friends.
"Yours very faithfully,
(Signed) "J. C. WHATELEY, DDS."

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES are doubly valuable, inasmuch as they produce simultaneously the most favoured effect upon the organs of digestion. In catarrh of the stomach, hemorrhoids, and habitual constipation they cause the healing and restoration of the diseased organs by reason of their exceedingly mild action.

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 Pianoforte Solo (arranged by J. Wadsworth) .. 3s. 6d. net.
 Libretto, 1s. net.
 Waltz, Quadrille, and Lancers (arranged by P. Bualossi) .. each 2s. 6d. net.
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 Words by Matthew Arnold.
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 A charming Song, by this most popular Composer.
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1866:—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The three Sovereigns forming the Triple Alliance on New Year's Day exchanged with each other the most cordial congratulations.

The German Emperor and Empress went to Potsdam and Charlottenburg in the afternoon of Dec. 31 to visit the resting-places of the two late Emperors. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden also went to Potsdam for the same purpose. At the New Year's ceremonies which took place in the Old Palace the Emperor and Empress, both looking in excellent health and spirits, received their numerous guests with the greatest amiability.

The French Senate has passed the Budget in its entirety by 214 against 16 votes.—A meeting of some 4000 share and bond holders of the Panama Canal was held in Paris on Dec. 27, at which a resolution was adopted, expressing confidence in M. De Lesseps and a determination to renounce the payment of interest on the coupons and their redemption till the canal should be fully open, also stating that it was desirable to come to an arrangement immediately to obtain the capital needed to complete the work.

The Belgian Senate has adopted a Government Bill, already voted by the Chamber, by virtue of which all legal proceedings in the Flemish parts of Belgium must be carried on in the Flemish language.

The troops at Suakin made a reconnoitring expedition, on Dec. 28, in the direction of Handoub and Hasheen. The object was to cover the erection of the new forts and fill in wells dug by the Dervishes.—A Greek, who has arrived at Suakin from

Khartoum, declares that, two months ago, nothing was known there of the capture of Emin Pasha, and that the Madhi's forces had been twice defeated.

From New York we learn that two steamers have been burned on the American rivers, and many lives have been lost in the flames, as well as others by being drowned. The latest reports of the disaster on the Mississippi give an account of a remarkable deed of heroism performed by a deck hand named Jim Givens. When the burning steamer touched the bank and bounded away, the pilot left the wheel and sprang overboard. Givens quickly realised that the salvation of all on board depended on the steamer being brought back to the bank. The pilot-house was surrounded by flames, but the brave fellow sprang to the wheel, and brought the steam-boat's head again to the bank, and, in order to keep her there, made the wheel fast in proper position. The fire swept over the pilot-house, and he was imprisoned by the flames. To escape it was necessary to push through a wall of fire. He made a dash for the side of the vessel, and, although frightfully burned, succeeded in reaching it. With his clothing all ablaze he jumped into the river, and struggled to the bank, where he was pulled ashore by willing hands in a horribly burned and exhausted state. He died a few hours later.

Amateur photography, as a substitute for sketching, has come into vogue of late years, and is of much advantage to tourists. Compact and portable apparatus, easy of manipulation, has been contrived to meet the demand. The "Patent Detective Camera," invented by Mr. McKellen, is in the form of a neat leather case, ten inches and a-half long, and scarcely

six inches wide and thick; it can be held for use under the arm, or against the chest. It is arranged so that the photographer can see beforehand the exact picture he will get on his plate. Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho-square, the agents for this invention, have also Dr. Krüger's "Patent Book Camera," of less price, most suitable for portraits, which can be taken unobserved by those in company.

The Paris Municipal Council have voted 500*l.* towards the expenses of the Women's Rights International Congress.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has allowed his Montgomeryshire tenants 10 per cent on their rents; and Mr. Bromley Davenport, M.P., has given 10 per cent to his Calveley tenantry in Cheshire.

MARRIAGE.

On Nov. 20, at the Episcopal Church, Corvallis, Oregon, U.S.A., by the Rev. C. Booth, M.A., Alfred, third son of Thomas Cayer, surgeon, Aigburth, Liverpool, to Edith, elder daughter of Edward Nicholson, of Faldouet, Jersey, C.I.

DEATHS.

On Dec. 18, at Oran, Algeria, Lieutenant-Colonel William Laurence Twentymann, late of 1st Royal Dragoons and 18th and 19th Hussars, elder son of the late William Holme Twentymann, J.P. and D.L., of Ravensworth, St. John's Wood-park, N.W., aged 55.

On Dec. 12, 1888, at Olinda, Norfolk, Virginia, U.S., Alfred Harrison Page, youngest son of the late Samuel Page, Esq., of Dulwich, Surrey, aged 57.

On Nov. 12, at Sar-la-Mar, at the residence of his friend, David Brown, Esq., Thomas Auglin Tate, of Orange Grove, Westmorland, Jamaica, aged 61 years.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

LYCEUM.—**MACBETH.** Every Evening, at 7.45. Overture, 7.40.—*Macbeth*, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry; Messrs. Alexander, Wenman, Tyars, Webster, Howe, Haviland, Harvey, Johnson, Raynor, Outram, Lacy, Archer, &c.; Misses Marriott, Seaman, Desborough, Coleridge, Ivor, &c. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages, 11.10.—**LYCEUM.**

GLOBE THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD.—**PRINCE KARL**, EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, presented by Mr. Richard Mansfield, Messrs. Burrows, Crompton, Weedon Grossmith, Frankau, Vivian, &c.; Madame Carlotta Leclercq, Miss May Whitty, Miss Glidden, and Miss Beatrice Cameron. Preceded by, at Eight, *EDITHA'S BURGLAR*. Miss Lily Bowman, Mr. D. H. Harkins, and Mr. Lionel Brough. Box-Office (Mr. Innes) open daily from Ten to Five. Doors open, 7.30.

THE ARGOSY.—**FEATHERSTON'S** STORY, the commencement of a Story by JOHNNY LUDLOW (Mrs. Henry Wood), commences in *THE ARGOSY* for JANUARY. Now ready.

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8. *HOW LORD ROLAND MET HIS WIFE.*
9. *NEW YEAR'S DAY.*
SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

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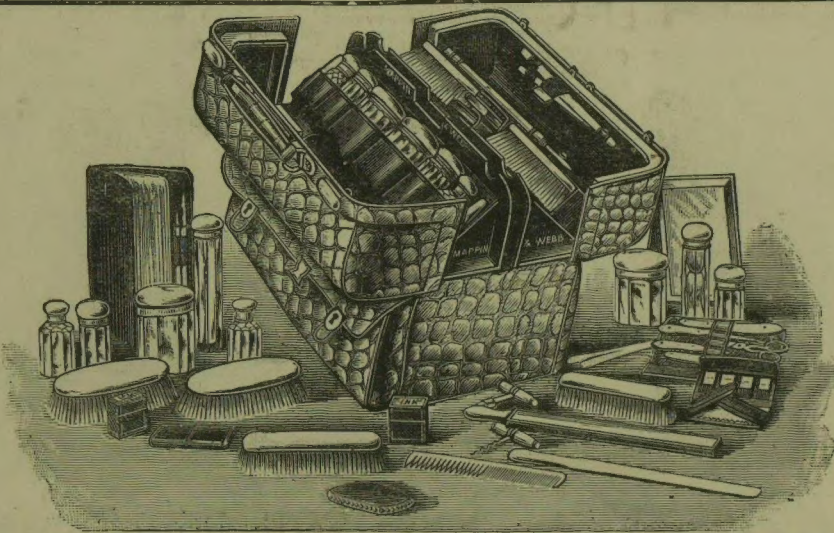
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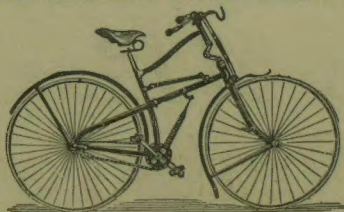
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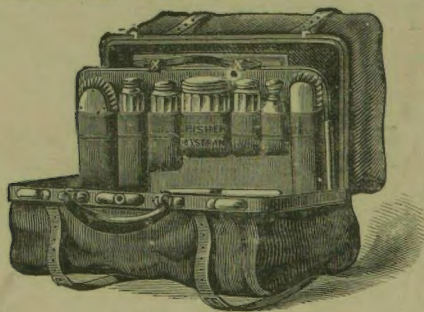
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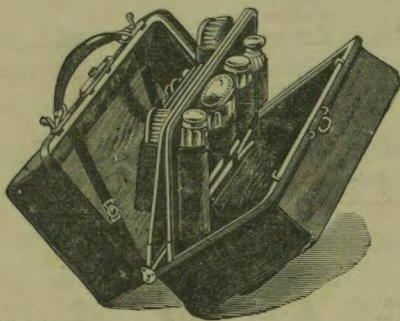
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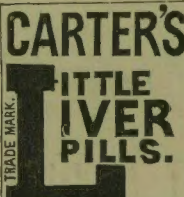


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